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Maclean's

NOVEMBER 27, 1978

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The 50s in France were a time of cocktails and Celine's just and geometry. Read and loveliness. They're recaptured in Louis Vuitton's new: *Genes*, soon to tour the country.



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The 50s in France were a time of cocktails and Celine's just and geometry. Read and loveliness. They're recaptured in Louis Vuitton's new: *Genes*, soon to tour the country.

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Elegance is elegance even 50 years later

Maybe '20s in France were a time of cocktails and Cateau, jazz and geometry, Freud and Freud. It was the heyday of the movie ball. "All that sadness and desolation. Perfection three property to the winds," says actor-writer Louis Negin, whose revue, *Bonanza*, is based on the songs and stars of the Moulin Rouge. Bright Young Things dabbled in drugs and faced to the smoky cabarets to see comedians, transvestites, acrobats, leggy chorus girls in satin and spanglers, and, above all, the legendary stars of the Folies. Silks and Pils, with her twisted life and taste for music-based rags, Misses, mothered in planes, flashing fabulous lips, Chevrolet with his straw hat and easy smile, and Josephine Baker a *succès de scandale* after her debut with a garland of bananas slung not too strategically around her hips—the St. Louis wonderman's daughter who made a million and lost a million and who died dancing at the age of 66.

Negin, who has been in love with Joanne Hall ever since he was a boy (and when that was, Negin won't tell), has worked with the feisty Toronto Truck Theatre to recreate a world that was gay in more ways than one. *Bonanza* opened in Toronto early this month and is scheduled for the National Arts Centre and Edmonton's Citadel Theatre next time in the new year, then—the vigors of the arts wifing—for a prime-Canada tour.



Josephine in bananas is Joanne Baker; below, Josephine (left) with, left to right, Silks, Adams, Lee and (lower right) Negin; come to the cabaret, once more.

Negin's longtime friend and associate, Jack O'Leary, is directing the revue, "because the period is still relatively untouched. It's not fashionable like post-war's revue. That period had guts. I mean, during, they put freaks, two-headed people and women with 60-inch busts up on the stage. It was lucky in an innocent sort of way and then there was all that elegance."

Negin did the research and collected the material for *Bonanza*. He spent a summer hanging out at the Casino de Paris and the Folies-Bergères and hunted down scratchy old records and non-durable sheet music for the authentic work of the period. In *Bonanza* he plays the comical Boerle. Helene O'Leary and Negin montie the glitz and glitter of Paris gone by are Richard Adams as Chevalier, Talorah Johnson as Josephine, Liane Silks as Pils and Barbara Lee as Misses. The liveliest costumes are by Barry Gold, a top international graphic designer, musical direction is by William Shalish and choreography by Sharon Arnes of the carnival, all-made Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo.

Toronto Truck Theatre is Peter Peroff, who is putting \$5,000 of his own money on the line with *Bonanza*. He is taking a big chance. Surrounded by internationalist, still continuing outbursts in government grants, Toronto Truck has flourished, proudly independent and unabashedly commercial. Using low-office music and good business practices the Peroff brothers—Peter, 30, and Stephen, 32—have (with help) organized their seasons around the trend and time to create a loyal, ever-growing audience and enough of a financial base to keep 40 staff on salary and to meet the \$300,000 asking price for the Bayview Playhouse, now their new home in the northern reaches of Toronto.

Last season, Toronto Truck packed 75,000 people into two big theatres downtown and grossed an astonishing \$500,000. As for the future, Peroff says "Our grossing potential has more than doubled with the addition of the 600-seat Playhouse." It all seems too good to be true and, in fact, the future is still risky. One major mistake (*Bonanza* could have been a flop) and Toronto Truck could fold.

Merle Weiler



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Queen of the castle

Upon a time, not so very long ago, a beautiful young divorcee was whisked away to a far off land to marry the dashing king and become his queen.

To be precise, it was five months ago that it happened to 27-year-old Lisa Haidy, the star school-bred American blonde who became the fourth wife of Jordan's King Hussein, with the queen Noor al Hussein (The Light of Hussein).

Lisa was already used to breaking new ground: she had been a member of the House of Representatives in 1989 and earned her degree in architecture. However, her job American background is to be removed from the life she has taken on as the model of the Middle East dilemma.

Queen Noor spoke with free lance journalist Kathy Kelly, one of the few interviewers she has granted since her wedding.

Maclean's: Do you ever stand back, look over and think, "What am I doing here?"

Queen Noor: There are times when I think about it. It's usually prompted by a remark or an article. It makes me stop for a moment and realize that I'm in a position that's very different from most other people in the world. But there isn't much time to sit back and think, "Oh it's awesome, all these responsibilities!" It is awesome in many ways. Just the concept, the title "The Queen."

Maclean's: What are your official duties?

Queen Noor: They range from greeting ambassadors' wives to trying to handle petitions such as "Please give us some money—we have 30 children and no maintenance of support." One of the first major projects I'm trying to handle is the UN Year of the Child next year, which, in my view, could be a very valuable period in which to mobilize people in this country at all levels to do something for themselves and for their children. I've been conscious of not wanting to appear too eager or too self-conscious

about being queen. I wanted to make my husband my first priority, and to be a good wife.

Maclean's: Do you discuss politics with your husband?

Queen Noor: Almost more than anything else. It's such an important part of our daily life and I think you may find the other as a surprising board for things. But that I would in any way say that I



The royal couple: 'Working on the job'

affect my husband's political decisions or would ever choose to. All credit for his wisdom and the way he expresses himself is entirely his. People often ask if the wives of statesmen are the power behind the throne but none would ever think that about me. I don't wish to be just wish to admire as long as I'm allowed, as long as God gives us the opportunity of admiring his work and learning from it.

Maclean's: Your father (Najeeb Halaby, a former president of Fox American World Airways) has a Syrian background. Did you always think of yourself as partly Arab?

Queen Noor: Yes, from early childhood the Arab part was always fascinating for me. I've not trying to make it real to be some mystical thing that was made

me, but it made me want to know more and listen, and love the language.

Maclean's: How's your Arabic?

Queen Noor: It's coming, but it's a very difficult language and it's going to take a very long time to learn.

Maclean's: You must have left most of your friends behind in the United States. Are you lonely without them?

Queen Noor: Well, as a child I moved every four years, so I'm used to losing contact. There isn't always someone here to talk to though and it can be frustrating. I have many personal dialogues that there are good friends here as well.

Maclean's: You're in the middle of one of the most explosive situations in the world here. What do you do for fun?

Queen Noor: I'm always looking for ways to take my husband away from living his problems 24 hours a day. We go for drives sometimes in the evening. He loves to ride his motorcycle and I love to ride with him. It may only be for half an hour but it is a way of the world out of everything you see.

Maclean's: Would you like to have children?

Queen Noor: I think the any woman, if you are in love with someone and you really do truly love them, you feel that a child of yours together would be the greatest child in the world. I guess that I would love to have his child, but it's something that will happen. God will say.

Maclean's: Well, you've done what every woman dreams of, being swept off her feet by some dashing prince of a foreign land.

Queen Noor: It's funny. I never dreamt of that and maybe that's one of the reasons it happened so early as it did. I really do hope very much that we can do a great many things together, benefit a great many people, and in some way translate our idealism and our hope into a progressive and better future.

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haven't climbed there; the step-by-step process would dilute the extraordinary risk. Instead, they were dropped off by helicopter, left for a few hours with a basket of wine and pâté to enter sanctified emotional territory.

"We were going to each other," says Vancouver columnist Tim Role of his mountaintop picnic with friend Sandra Gaskin. "His expt. We expected to be alone but we didn't expect it to reach night down here."

In British Columbia, this euphoria can be yours for as little as \$60 per person for a party of four. Pilot Jim Logan of Okanagan Helicopters has been ferrying promoters to remote glacier sites for four years and he still gets turned away by the mountaintop experience, sometimes parking his machine for his own private picnic.

Even now, as autumn's weather closes in on Okanagan, Role and Gaskin found it worth the pleasant high on Powder Mountain, 50 miles north of Vancouver. It was a new experience in which rivers roared like engines and tiny spiders drifted by on bits of web. "You could spend 50 minutes watching and listening to a bird soar about effortlessly," says Role. "Even when he was way off you could still hear it."

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When the fad hits the fire

The new models are straight and they feature primary combustion rooms and auxiliary baffles so that logs will burn in a "slow, cigar-like manner from front to back." Not hot and fast like the wood-burners that kept our grandparents splitting logs all winter. Twelve hundred dollars. Sociologists report, have become the new household status symbol and selecting a wood-burning stove or furnace is now as fraught with decisions (and laden with jargon) as buying a new stereo. Wood stoves, in short, are hot. In fact, safety legislation and manufacturing standards can hardly keep pace with the boom.

Scores of companies have been launched in the past five years. Ken Carr, president of Mohawk Fabricators Inc. in London, Ontario, says production of their \$200 to \$300 Tempwood stoves is "well into the thousands." It has been trending almost every year since we began selling in Canada three years ago that the government now has to confront the fact that the myriad rules and

A cast-iron range (left) and a century-old wood heater (right) are actively new

regulations of the heating industry apply mainly to coal, gas, oil or electricity. It's also increasingly apparent that the environmentally-conscious consumer may be enthusiastic, but not necessarily well-informed.

The boom is the result of rising oil prices (in P.E.I., for instance, it may hit 70 cents a gallon this winter), the rise of rural society, and the efficiency of the new designs—sophisticated Franklin, wood-combustion furnaces, and "add-on" wood-burning stoves for oil and gas furnaces. With the new models, the intensity of the burn can be carefully controlled. An open fireplace, heating at an estimated seven-per-cent efficiency, not only wastes energy but can actually be a negative heat drain, drawing warm air out of the room and up the chimney. A well-designed wood stove (with efficiency ratings of 50 to 70 per cent) can heat a whole house, burning eight to 30 hours on one load of wood.

Ironically, it's the new models that are also causing headaches for firemen and insurance companies. Stoves that permit a cooler, longer burn drive more ungrated gases and ruin up the chimney, which, as a result, requires cooler and acts as a perfect condensation chamber. The gases collect inside the chimney as a very highly flammable substance called creosote—the stuff that burns in chimney fires.



Mary Young and daughter Amanda with their wood stove. Home is where the hearth is.

Experts advise against overnight fires for this reason: stoking the fire more often, they say, means less work in the end since creosote must be scrubbed out. Fortunately, chimney sweeping is a trade that's growing (Maclean's, Oct. 31). Unfortunately, says Ann Daub-Horn of the Canadian Wood Energy Institute, "most of us were raised on push-button central heating and have never heard of creosote."

The Canadian Standards Association (CSA), a non-profit, government-recognized group, is now finalizing installation rules and equipment standards for wood stoves, a process that involves many committees and months of hearings. Installation is their biggest problem because it's often done by non-professionals who don't follow the manufacturers' often complex specifications. With visions of urban gentlemen-farmers installing their Fisher Freebox right next to the cyclist cartons, some insurance companies now charge higher premium rates for homes with wood appliances.

Skip Haydon, a research scientist

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with the Canadian Combustion Research Laboratory adds that it is misleading to claim precisely how much space a stove can heat, since so much depends on the type of wood burned, where the stove is placed, where the house is located, and how it is insulated. None of this is reflected in the alternate-energy resources. In Charlottesville, Sparks Gasifier Products after less than three years, experts believe to quadruple this season. The P.E.C. Institute of Man and Resources is engaged in studying not only wood stoves, but air and water storage systems for the surplus heat produced, and the viability of furnaces that use wood chips, pellets or logs.

But the outcome of the new boom are the "add-on"—wood furnaces used in

conjunction with oil or gas furnaces. They were in front of the standards proposals of the two CEA committees because another felt they were "too expensive". Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation won't allow add-ons in any of its projects. Because wood fires burn hotter, extra clearance is required around the furnace ducts, and there is the risk of damage to components of conventional furnaces.

Gerald Pelletier, chief of technical services with the Ontario fire marshal's office, explains that by law, all heating systems must be certified (approved by the CEA or another recognized agency). "Altering the system in any way, inside or out, by adding on or taking away, automatically voids the whole system."

Rod Smith, chief engineer of the Energy Safety Branch of the Ontario Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations, likes to put a damper on energy conservation, but adds that the government "strongly recommends that anyone who has an add-on unit disconnect it." Ironically, the ministry also publishes a pamphlet outlining the safest way to install one. But, Smith insists, "the intent of that paper is not to help people install add-ons, but to tell someone who bought one before they realized its dangers, how to make it as safe as possible." After all, it's not illegal to buy one, it's just technically against the law to hook one up.

"It's a question of how far the government should go," explains Smith. "Ultimately the consumer has to exercise his responsibility." Meanwhile, these pamphlets probably grow off a very nice glow. **Werner Bertrich/Russian Source**

Alternate energy entrepreneurs Elva, Martin and Isaac-Renton of Solace Energy Centre splitting profits along with huge

severely furnished wood stoves with names such as Jariel, Petit Godin and Grandma Bear that range in price from \$107 to more than \$1,000.

Wood-burning stoves are our bread and butter," says Isaac-Renton, who looked up with chemical engineer friends (Martin joined later) at a Christian studies centre at St. Joseph College. Our interest in alternate energy was philosophical as well as vocational," says Elva.

Although with some choices from the scale volume (Solace has yet to add a wood generator), the partners were particularly intent on sparking the interest in wood heating. Most. Coal, home furnishing stoves, the 1st through the 2nd and 3rd, and the 4th, the 5th, the 6th, the 7th, the 8th, the 9th, the 10th, the 11th, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th, the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, the 18th, the 19th, the 20th, the 21st, the 22nd, the 23rd, the 24th, the 25th, the 26th, the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, the 30th, the 31st, the 32nd, the 33rd, the 34th, the 35th, the 36th, the 37th, the 38th, the 39th, the 40th, the 41st, the 42nd, the 43rd, the 44th, the 45th, the 46th, the 47th, the 48th, the 49th, the 50th, the 51st, the 52nd, the 53rd, the 54th, the 55th, the 56th, the 57th, the 58th, the 59th, the 60th, the 61st, the 62nd, the 63rd, the 64th, the 65th, the 66th, the 67th, the 68th, the 69th, the 70th, the 71st, the 72nd, the 73rd, the 74th, the 75th, the 76th, the 77th, the 78th, the 79th, the 80th, the 81st, the 82nd, the 83rd, the 84th, the 85th, the 86th, the 87th, the 88th, the 89th, the 90th, the 91st, the 92nd, the 93rd, the 94th, the 95th, the 96th, the 97th, 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(Proudtimes)

Take me to your larva

There was good news and there was bad news for two alienworlds this month. First, there were indications that the state department in Washington may be planning its response to the event of a visit from outer space. Second, mysterious nocturnal lights often



reported over northeast Utah were identified—as a cloud of electrified bugs.

Biologist Philip S. Callahan and R. W. Markin of the U.S. department of agriculture have determined that mass flights of the spruce budworm moth, not UFOs, have been responsible for the Utah lights. It's another case of Saint Elmo's fire, an age-old phenomenon that plays out a cosmic discharge, it has been seen flashing from church steeples, masts of ships, and more recently, from airplane wing tips. And, it would appear, from clouds of spruce budworm moths. Callahan and Markin have duplicated the effect in their laboratory with other kinds of moths, creating flares around the bugs.

However, the latest news from the state department says alien visits may occur the day after tomorrow. Says Deputy Director Irwin Fisk, who feels the United States ought to be ready to deal with any visitors from outer space: "Contact with other-world beings is something that would have tremendous repercussions if it happened and we weren't prepared." A recommendation that a detailed plan of action be drawn up is now under consideration. So far, no friendly extraterrestrial score has been contemplated.

Catherine Fox



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Ω
OMEGA

If a
Scotsman
swallows
his pride...



it's Bell's.

The largest
selling whisky
in Scotland.

Photo: [unreadable]

Getting away to it all with a Harlem holiday

During the glory days of Harlem in the 1930s, fashionable New Yorkers would grab a cab uptown to while away the wee hours at such legendary nightspots as Elmer's Paradise and the Cotton Club. Here, young souls traded their buttoned-down Cals Porter for the apical elegance of Cal Calloway and Lena Horne.

Now, Harlem's Uptown Chamber of Commerce is once again trying to lure tourists north on Manhattan Island—but it wants visitors to take a look at more than the night life. The

we'd get it all together in a map," explains Tony Rogers, the chamber's program director. The campaign is an attempt not only to bring visitors uptown but to change the image of Harlem as a place often identified with tenements and muddled with crime. "The media have made people think it's



Harlem streets bring in the tourists, and the gossamer-men are sure to follow



chamber's Tourist and Visitor's Guide to Harlem will be available in January. It features not only such old favorites as a rejuvenated Cotton Club and that temple of soul, the Apollo Theater, but also historical institutions (City College, Columbia University), museums (American Indian, Neolithic Society), cultural institutions (Dance Theatre of Harlem, Harlem Opera, National Black Theatre) and such historic landmarks as Fred Benson, where painter-naturalist Auerk Bane once lived, and Grant's Tomb, the impressive mausoleum that houses the remains of America's 18th president, Civil War General Ulysses S. Grant.

The tourist map grew out of the chamber of commerce's successful sponsorship of Harlem Week, an annual celebration that has attracted over a million visitors for the past three years. "A lot of people were asking us about Harlem and we were already providing much of the information, so we thought

Dodge City up here," Rogers says, "but what we really have to do is bring and growing community and we want to show it to people in all its aspects."

The young Marshal Ellison of the Uptown Chamber of Commerce are equally interested in using the tourist program as a way of rounding up more government money and programs for their community. "Once you get visitors up here, then you get services," Rogers says. "When you begin to attract people to an area, that's when they begin to pick up the garbage." To emphasize his point, Rogers notes what happened in the South Bronx, the New York community that has become a national symbol of urban blight, when Jimmy Carter paid a call. "When the president went to the South Bronx, you couldn't see any garbage on the streets for a week."

Rita Christopfer



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Hutt's new stage is London's brand-new Grand

Mirror, mirror, on the wall
who is the most regional of all?

At last count, there were three kinds of "regional theatre" in Canada. One is, geographically speaking, regional—which means "in this region, there



The glory that was the Grand, architect: wistful, there's a theatre in my portledge

is one theatre." Regina's Globe Theatre, for instance, has no professional competition for 268 miles. Then the two are compatible, of course: there is regional theatre, a phrase with more risk, slippery layers of meaning and non-meaning than a piece of modernist jargon. Theatre New Brunswick in its busy touring days may be an example—works at being a vital part of the local scene. This is the kind that William Hutt, new artistic director of Theatre London in Southwestern Ontario, wants to do. But the venerable Stratford actor has added delicious No. 3 and semantic wrinkle: 17 regional theatre is—surprise—our national theatre.

"I think every regional theatre in this country is of national significance be-

cause the national theatre in this country is not Stratford, nor the National Arts Centre. It is the parcel of regional theatres from Victoria to St. John's."

Peter Cox, artistic director of Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, begs to differ. A national theatre, Cox has said, would be completely subverted by the government and operate as a museum of the theatre. Rego, we have no national theatre.

Pelle, Hutt replies. "In the first place, I think Peter Cox's experience in Canada is far too limited to make that

assessment. As far as Canada is concerned I don't think Peter Cox would recognize a national theatre if he met it in his portledge."

Another way of putting it is, as Hamlet said, "words, words, words." But one thing is quite concrete—after \$5.5-million worth of dental work, Theatre London, formerly the Grand Opera House, and a venue for residentia, film and theatre for 75 years, is grand again. The gaudy fresco on the original proscenium arch has been cleaned up and a new, \$200,000 theatre has gone up around it, a smaller stage, with seating for 150 to 200 has been added. Theatre London now joins the Citadel in Edmonton and Toronto's Young People's Theatre as one of the country's most expensive new cultural arenas.

But in terms of stage memories, the rest are whippersnappers compared to the Grand, which has played host, upon its opening in 1901, to Bette Largent, John Gielgud, and the North American pre-



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Profile

more of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1902). Real horses galloped across its stage in Canada's only live production of *Sen Jiar*. And the Grand may even have a ghost—one of its original owners, Andrew J. Small, who, in 1919, deposited a \$1-million cheque in a Toronto bank, headed a train, and disappeared. Over the years, people have reported seeing a figure in the Grand, somebody wearing "a shiny top hat." Is Andrew Small a "regional ghost?"



Theatre London: the \$1.4-million fix

In 1994, Famous Players Ltd. converted the Grand for films; in 1946 London Little Theatre bought the building, and it developed into the largest amateur group in Canada. From 1971 to 1978 under Helmut Filler's artistic direction, the theatre grew up. "Hence didn't just do side stuff," says Anne Braden, a former theatre officer of the Canada Council. "He worked with young directors, tapped local talent, and brought the theatre up into the professional ranks." So last year, William Hatt took over what was (in the always laudable area of Canadian theatre dollars) a sturdy organization.

The new Theatre London opened Nov. 22 with the crowd-pleasing *Kiss Me Kate* and on Jan. 5, Hatt will star in *John A. — Director*, a world premiere for a work by 1978 Governor-General's Award winner Timothy Findlay. Hatt's portrayal of John A. MacDonald in CBC's *The National Drama* has already won him an ACTRA Award, so it promises to be a three-star combination. With other regional theatres making sure their calendars include at least one low-risk, reliable vehicle, does this mean a "safe season" for the new Theatre London? Theatre observers insist the whole debate is quite jagged. They may just call it the Bill Hatt season.

Brenda Kuehlerway/Marci Jackson

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Harmony without flickerie

I was recruited to read your piece on Harmondson (Previous, Oct. 23), but I was surprised to read your outline under the photo: "Harmondson a cute assistant propagandist." Harmondson has never been out, and they have never engaged in any kind of sexual activity. I, Gary, have the rare ability to combine a close friendship with commercial success. So I assumed Harmondson had discovered some secret strategies in Harmondson being paid by the CIA to entangle leaders in references to Joe Clark in the lyrics of the song "The Harmondson Song" and it did not mention one word about propagandists. It merely stated that Harmondson performed their excellent work on opening night of Quebec Week at Berkeley, California, and that Premier Paré was the special guest at the cultural event in the same province.

Joe Sedative, that's who

In your interview with Joe Clark, "We Regret to Lose Our Mutual Neighbor" (Oct. 30), never have I read such dreary drivel in the name of political observations. Not once did Clark say anything memorable or that could not have been recited by rote by anyone with a high-school education. His malodorous platitudes, prize sent me to grateful sleep. If Trudeau's vision has been harmed to that of a cornucopist, is the same vice with the same charitable intentions, I would beg to agree that Clark resembles a bowl of runny tapeworm pudding—warmed over and with no discernable taste.

TIMOTHY WINGATE, OTTAWA

the Kurds (Oct. 16). Now I can make one, not to kill, but to inject a shot of truth among into a few political bottoms.

Y. W. CLARKE AND R. J. HODGSON, QUT

Sexist submarine

Why, in the name of all that is good, do you waste two full columns with a color photograph of Rachel Welch wrapped in red, sighting toward the camera with all the feeling of a nuclear submarine?



Mr. Walsh submitted his resignation.

taking air into one ballast tank before submerging (People, Oct. 29). This is sexist, sensational journalism of the first order. I feel that we, as Canadians, are wiser than to be really concerned about just what Mr. Welch does on TV or on the stage.

ALEXANDER BRIDGE, VICE-PRESIDENT,
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OTTAWA, ONT.

[illegible]

Staking out success

are surprised and dismayed by the message of spirituality underlying your love of guns on *Gun Drunk: The American Show* [Nov. 6]. Here I thought you guys were practically the apostles of a new Canadian pragmatism, but no! You're just as much into the "dark, twisted, negative, self-doubting and self-destructive goals" as the rest. Sorry, I'm attracted. And how. *Gun Drunk* is as much a crass, old-fashioned producer who gets first dibs on the guys who choose to go to the range as *25/7* is a TV network that dares to show the guys who go, and da, daid, themselves as all the heroes of the world and commentators that fund-raise money. Their judgments on the 250,000-episode marketplace will be better judged by the 250,000 viewers who have been drawn out there are worth not just James Brown's it was of *Dances with Smokey* but even that Billy Marshall said to me. In this business, we each have a stake in the other guy's success." Made sense to me.

WOLFE INAJMES, PRESIDENT,
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Andorra deflated

Three years' residency in duty-free Anders, where Canadian Club then netted for \$8.35 per quart, led me to the same conclusion: Miss McDonald reached it in her article. *At Last, the No-hustle Prince* (Oct. 30). The co-principality is indeed the highest inhabited country in the world, but physically falls about 44,000 feet short of the 14 males mentioned in the story.

DAVID E. SCOTT, LONDON, ONT

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Source: Author's calculations.

Case

Figure 1

Physical exercise

Self-consciousness during the

100% of the respondents reported that they did not intend to attend.

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Life

The defamation game

Bad News for Good Books — (Oct. 21) has contained the issues surrounding the "banquet" of books on school curricula. The Writers' Union declares the fact that Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners* and other books have been banned by a few school boards. Authors, however, cannot require that their books be on a school curriculum, and the Writers' Union has not contemplated trying to "fight the banquets in court." An author is entitled to his or her good reputation, and it is defamatory to call someone a pornographer or a writer of dirty books. In any discussion of whether particular books should be on a curriculum, people are limited to what they say; say to discredit a writer by the law of defamation. It is this which could result in a lawsuit.

MARGARET HERR
COUNSEL TO THE WRITERS' UNION
OF CANADA, TORONTO

I was surprised to see that five books I have already read appeared on the list of titles banned, or currently under attack, in public schools. I am now in Grade 9, but I read all but one of the books while I was still in public school. There may be something wrong with the ones I haven't seen, but I can see nothing wrong with those I have seen. In fact, if what I have read is representative of the list proposed for censorship, they may as well make the list complete and censor after us. Wonderful.

LISA HOLIK, BURLINGTON, ONT.

A scar is born

Your article, Carr's Art, Poverty's Scars on Skinning (Oct. 21), was both maddening and frustrating. As a former resident of Victoria, I have felt the strong influence of Emily Carr's paintings. It amazes me that the B.C. government is unwilling to come up with \$180,000 for restoration, when the Parti Québécois can easily afford \$125,000 to purchase a rotten-for-le Pottery Western (Carr was, also, seen on the scene, Oct. 20). If the cultural development of Quebec is more important than that of British Columbia, I suggest the Emily Carr collection be sent to Quebec when it will be better cared for.

NIL READLEY, CALGARY

Them that hasn't, shouldn't

Barbara Amiel states that "All that a nation can offer posterity — is its best thoughts and emotions expressed

through the works of its artists," in her column, *How to Live With Ours in the Arts*... (Oct. 16). Unfortunately a good deal of Canada Council grant money has been squandered on "artists" who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to be expressing the country's best thoughts and emotions. These grants would certainly not have been approved by the taxpayers whose money it was, had they had any say in its disposal.

IVOR C. GUEST, SEATTLE/LODGE, ALTA.

As the world turns

I appreciated reading your article on Grand Prix car racing and Gilles Villeneuve, Villeneuve Triumph at Monaco North (Oct. 20). However, it was somewhat inaccurate for your writer to state that, "A Canadian champion appears to be in the making." A more accurate statement would be, "A world champion appears to be in the making."

DON HENKE, LONDON, ONT.



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Problem on the half shell

Lobster farmers take note: there's an impending crisis in the crustaceans industry. Canada's East Coast lobster fishery, which in the '80s produced bountiful annual catches of between 40 and 52 million pounds, has dropped to top hauls of 20 million pounds in the '90s. In Maine, which supplies 65 per cent of the U.S. lobster market, landings



have fallen from a top of 24 million pounds in 1963 to a predicted catch of only 37.5 million pounds this year and it's going to get worse. According to Canadian scientists, overfishing is the primary factor trapping too many immature hoppers—in to blame for the dearth of clawed creatures. Americans believe as well that declining water temperatures are a cause of low hauls. Although the American federal fisheries authorities are taking all the necessary steps to protect and quota of lobster catches, Canadian experts think that the problem can be solved simply by educating the fishermen.



Author Disclosure: only David Wells of Gas knows for sure

and tan-o'-shasters to his sports-minded brethren back home.

Gas attack

The year is 1985. The United States has a new president and, more importantly, a critical shortage of natural gas. What will the Yanks do? Only Canadian author Richard Rohrer (*Ultimate Separation, Economics*) knows for sure, since the scenario is the basis for his upcoming novel *Great Balls of Gas: That's Balls for short*. The book, which should be written by Christmas, takes place mainly in the United States.

Arms wrestle

In spite of reports that India's Prime Minister Morarji Deas has been trying to balance the pro-Soviet policy tilt since he came to power 30 months ago, that doesn't seem to be the case. In the spring of 1978, India will begin taking delivery of some 70 T-32 tanks, matching the first Soviet sale of such tanks to any country outside the Warsaw Pact nations. Although India's foreign policy is one of nonalignment, the tanks are looked upon as a necessary addition to its arsenal.

News

Cover Story 20

Jean Chretien's gamble

mining effort needs the economy and demand if it takes a bite. Chretien's last work piece is precious but on reading, it is a bit like taking economic theory and using finance minister Martin's words on light bulb building because that's all in the baggy possibility and in Quebec presents a fascinating analysis of just how Chretien went about that task in contrast to what they bought a life more than a year. A following says Rogers has Chretien Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and 10 provincial premiers all must need work to create an industrial strategy aimed at reviving Canada's manufacturers into greater and more resourceful efforts to take over production and sales and place the economy on a launch pad to take.



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The World ... 32
As Spaniards prepare to vote themselves a string of new outbursts, Franco's old guard and Basque nationalists try to turn the clock back: reports of a new South are premature: whether the "Thunder" or not, and who knows about Turkey.

People 42

Business 44
The Day moved to buy Sempura. Kotaka prays!
empire. Arabs get into Dama. My Champs: the
Amor: tucked a new business out.

Secrets (with 2001 Fantasy Award nomination) - 40
 including money, diamonds, the Eskimos and the
 Custer. Stomped in the 20th. Western best

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covering costs for developers' land.

The political aspect of the budget is difficult to assess. It was generally applauded by business, as have been most of Chrétien's measures since he took over the Transport/Finance portfolios on page 46, and condemned by labor that the average taxpayer is likely to be more perturbed than persuaded by its contents and will not notice any significant impact on the wages he earns or the prices he pays. Its overall political effect may be minimal, though not actually a step forward for the government since its last economic initiative—the series of announcements in August—did have a negative impact.

The budget did blunt the opposition somewhat by adopting its proposed tax cuts but not Chrétien's decision to hang tough rather than give in to oppo-

sition demands for sweeping cuts in personal income taxes, for deferability of mortgage interest payments (the Conservatives), and for massive spending on housing and transportation (the New Democrats). He also wended any vote-grubbing gimmickry, which surprised some critics and led to speculation that there would be yet another budget before the spring election. "If they called an election on this one, I'd be very happy," remarked Dennis McNamee, president of the pro-war Canadian Labor Congress. "But I know Chrétien is not that dumb." Whether he is dumb or a shrewd judge calls is McNamee's of the public mood. Chrétien does not intend bringing in another budget before the election. "It's always possible," he says, but "it would prefer to stand or fall on this latest foray."

Liberal MP Martin O'Donnell says, "Something bigger and more serious is happening to manufacturing than can be cured by the finance department's fine-tuning of fiscal, monetary and exchange policies, which only activate traditional ups and downs." The manufacturing industries, their critics reason, are overly fragmented and dominated by foreign owners. Thus, budget measures such as tax incentives for research and development are little help because the companies are either too small to take advantage of them or are foreign-owned, in which case much of the research is done by the parent firm elsewhere. Only fundamental structural change will save the manufacturing sector, the argument runs.

The federal government has belatedly arrived at the same point of view and, gradually, is doing something about it. In the past few years, it has established the Foreign Investment Review Agency to screen non-Canadian investors, encouraged the merger of the appliance arms of GMV and Canadian General Electric to form one big firm, the Canadian Appliance Manufacturing Company, and wrested two newspaper firms, Canadian and the Hamilton, from their foreign owners, under whom they were stagnating. But these and other ad hoc policies do not add up to an all-encompassing industrial strategy. The federal government tried to develop a more comprehensive approach at a conference last February with the premiers but failed. Next week, they will try again.

The February conference was unsuccessful because the federal government never made clear what it wanted accomplished and the premiers insisted on stressing provincial and short-term objectives. Thus, instead of discussing foreign ownership and rationalization of industry, Trudeau and the premiers dithered on budgetary measures and water-mark projects. It will be remembered most at the conference that put Out Island, Labrador, the proponents of a massive new hydro project, on the map, so frequently was it mentioned.

In passing, however, Trudeau and the premiers did agree to a series of studies by means of budgets and labor spokesmen on manufacturing and its problems. The studies—50 in all—will provide a basis for discussion at next week's conference. They indicated that many of the companies have already read through the entire package and considered each of the 800-plus recommendations.

Also on the conference agenda will be recommendations from meetings held earlier this month by federal and provincial ministers of industry, science,

and tourism (coordinated as adjunct to manufacturing) and natural resources (grants). But the outcome of these meetings was disappointing to the ministers doing a little job defining the problems then providing the answers. The industry ministers, for example, issued a 10-page document after their meeting but it was not even a statement of intent, and it contained few concrete solutions and even Liberal minister Jack Horner admitted it was "full of verbiage." The science ministers agreed "every effort" should be made to promote research and development by Canadian firms, but got little further than the laudable of tax incentives in their list of recommendations. An important and controversial report on the subject by the Science Council of Canada, recommending increased government intervention and tighter control of foreign ownership as means of protecting R and D, was not even on the agenda at the science ministers' meeting. But the business ministers took the time for freedom by devoting almost all of their meeting and subsequent correspondence to a denunciation of Transport Minister Otto Lang, everybody's favorite whipping boy, for not appearing before them. (He claimed a previous engagement at the annual meeting of the Man-

itish Royal Engineers in Winnipeg.)

It has been left up to Trudeau and the premiers to sort through this hump of non-action—and, in the case of the business-labor studies, still-serving advice—and to attempt to draft a comprehensive strategy. Perhaps the crux of the television coverage will be whether there is so something of value to be gained by being criticized for doing nothing. But as Ottawa there are few that the consensus will have the opposite effect by preventing the premiers, especially those facing objections in the near future, from making compromises and by encouraging them to both the federal government for alleged wrongs in the past. Thus, it is hoped, the conference will spend more time discussing the Government of Ontario, on Tariffs and Trade (CATT), the trade book for international commerce. After more than five years of debate, a new CATT, bringing with it a leveling of tariffs and liberalization of trade, is in sight. Like the new CATT, however, there have been no rationalized manufacturing industries and not out of some others entirely in the face of new international competition. At best, Trudeau and the premiers will succeed in making the transition in swift and painless as possible.

for employment insurance than industrial strategy.

It may be adding too much to Trudeau and the premiers to come up with a coherent plan to save the manufacturing sector. The country is so diverse, with central Canada pitted against the Atlantic provinces and the West, resource-rich areas against the resource-poor, business against labor, and business and labor united against the consumer, that at best, stopping measures might be the only solution. But the timing of these announcements on Canada's behalf. For, while Trudeau and the premiers are starting next week, another, more important meeting will be taking place 4,000 miles away in Geneva, where the industrial nations are reviewing the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the trade book for international commerce. After more than five years of debate, a new GATT, bringing with it a leveling of tariffs and liberalization of trade, is in sight. Like the new CATT, however, there have been no rationalized manufacturing industries and not out of some others entirely in the face of new international competition. At best, Trudeau and the premiers will succeed in making the transition in swift and painless as possible.

for employment insurance than industrial strategy.



And now for their next trick . . .

[I]f the business of America at home (John Gossage), it has come to be the business of Canada in their perspective to good and guide—and some would say little—Canadian businessmen to come to the rescue of the nation's economy.

No one last week expected Jean Chrétien's budget to provide all or even most of the answers to our monetary problems. An increasing number of critics

inside and outside Ottawa say that it is the country's manufacturing industry, once considered the backbone of the economy, that is really in trouble, that with few exceptions they are neither efficient nor innovative enough to compete in the modern world. So next week Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and 10 provincial premiers will meet in Ottawa to see what effort to form a comprehensive industrial strategy for Can-

The comfortable confidence of Jean Chrétien

For Finance Minister Jean Chrétien last week's budget represented a personal triumph. After 14 months in the finance portfolio, most of it spent coming just to stay even on the list for the last time, he presented a budget he could comfortably call his own. And he showed a confidence in a confidence he had not displayed since his early days in finance.

Chrétien's first budget, presented in October 1987, was largely the product of his officials in the finance department. A new level on the scene, Chrétien simply put his imprimatur on it. His next budget, presented April 10, 1988, was the result of heavy interference from the office of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and other cabinet ministers. With considerable weight assured to be just around the corner, they wanted to make sure there were enough vote-getting elements in it. Then last August, with an election again thought to be imminent, Trudeau and his office wanted the strengthening of the economy from Chrétien and Finance—and he did it. Therefore, the result—a balanced budget prepared by and spending cuts—was a political disas-



Chrétien with traditionally new budget choice and wife Anne, all his very own.

ter and the election was called off once again.

Last is not through the broken glass and clear from the background. Chrétien has been preparing last week's budget in September. It is a series of meetings with business and labor leaders, provincial premiers and economists. Chrétien played a wide spectrum of views on what the budget should contain. Then when the finance department presented him with its proposals, he was prepared to challenge them on some points. Trudeau's office, however, the August leaders showed out of the whole package. The cabinet is a whole but not over the budget until the evening of Friday it was presented to the

House of Commons. Chrétien was on his own.

The result could make a lasting impact on Chrétien's 44-year-old trail from Quebec lawyer who came to Ottawa in 1983 without speaking a word of English and worked his way to the top. The publicist Chrétien seemed to have studied in the finance portfolio is a personal history of his predecessors. That a first budget is perceived as a success he will receive at the credit and his publicist career will be back on track again with the prime minister's paid relief of itself. By the same token, the budget is ultimately viewed as a failure, Chrétien will believe the same. But Chrétien is a fighter by nature and proud of that way.

While the budget may mark Chrétien's comeback, it was probably deeply flawed. Chrétien's 44-year-old trail from Quebec lawyer who came to Ottawa in 1983 without speaking a word of English and worked his way to the top. The publicist Chrétien seemed to have studied in the finance portfolio is a personal history of his predecessors. That a first budget is perceived as a success he will receive at the credit and his publicist career will be back on track again with the prime minister's paid relief of itself. By the same token, the budget is ultimately viewed as a failure, Chrétien will believe the same. But Chrétien is a fighter by nature and proud of that way.

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Taming the urban guerrillas: Jean, Jack and John triumph

The year's most fashionable political phrase is "left to the right" — its manifestations are everywhere — in polls, in newspaper columns, in election results — forming a critical sub-text (if not the text itself) in every recent analysis of political trends. The exact degree of movement is debatable; the indicator itself is not.

And certainly not after last week's municipal elections, when voters in Montreal's three largest cities — Vancouver, Montreal and Toronto, 435,775 voters in all — returned mayors who comfortably won the cloth of the new conservatism. Jean Drapeau in Montreal, back for his seventh term, is an older statesman of the right. Vancouver's Jack Veirich, although re-elected on an independent ticket, has endorsed an impressive number of right-wing causes. Kevin Torontol's John Sewell, once considered a particularly notorious mouthpiece of the radical left, in (and always was) more a child of radical politics.

Canada may still be an archipelago of distinct and separate entities, but the use of the phraseology awarded to Jean, Jack and John suggests that, at least on the larger issues, the major cities are drifting in the same direction.

Drapeau's victory was particularly awesome. Drapeau faces opposition from the press, coming from the Parti Québécois and a series of embarrassing revelations about his Honor's handling of the Olympic Games. Drapeau won 61 per cent of the vote. Attacked for his flamboyant contacts, he was runner-up of his own Civic Party, which won 52 of a possible 54 seats. Only engineer Michael Pélissier, the most respected councillor of the left-wing Montreal Citoyens Movement (MCM) and broadcaster Nick And des Rues, of the middle-of-the-road Municipal Action Group (MAG), survived Drapeau's tidal wave. "We were beaten by a wind of conservatism that blew across Montreal," admitted Liberal MP Serge Joyal, the MAG majority candidate who won only 15 per cent of the vote.

The landslide constituted a remarkably able electoral response to skyrocketing property taxes and the daily evi-



Sewell (above) and Drapeau comfortably wearing the cloth of the new conservatism

dence of the Molot Inquiry, during Drapeau's chair as responsible for the financial recklessness of the Olympic Games. That the mayor's closest adviser, Gerard Nadeau, was forced to resign at the start of the campaign and charges of conflict of interest made no dent on the public consciousness. All was acknowledged, Drapeau is still the man who brought Montreal the Expo, the Metro, the Olympics and the Grand Prix.

Vancouver's Veirich, winning just less than 50 per cent of the popular vote, made no such pretence. He didn't have to. His major opponent, May Brown, started late in the campaign and never mounted an effective challenge. As an incumbent, however, Veirich's victory represented a clear mandate for a more active government — against municipal, pre-development and against pornography. The conservative Non-Partisan Association (NPA) won six of 13 city council seats and seven of nine school-board positions, delivering a sharp half to TEAM (The Reform Action Movement), which has mobilized Vancouver politics since 1972. Only one TEAM candidate was elected.

Last week, steadily reflecting the blue spread across the city's electoral map on the polls reported, TEAM supporters expressed fears about Veirich's "imperial" style of leadership and his frankly sympathetic approach to unregulated development. In turn, again Veirich retorted, Vancouver has been too stagnant too long. In the end, the new platform re-ordering of council was productive. Says veteran left-of-centre alderman Mike Harcourt, his eyes bright with socialist zeal, "Now we can get back to fighting in the streets."

That same image was invoked more than once during the Toronto campaign, where John Sewell's record — seen controversially even as the most unpopulous alderman at council — became a central issue. Could a man who wore blue jeans and leather jackets, who once played chess during a council meeting and who frequently engaged in polemical shouting matches with opponents, be trusted to deliver a \$100-million annual operating budget?

In significant numbers, Toronto voters thought he could. Although painted left-wing red, Sewell, 37 — a lawyer who seldom practices — has never been a member of the New Democratic Party, indeed he shares ideology as far restrictive. Intense, indelible and often self-righteous, Sewell clearly softened his image for the campaign. He was three-time husband and father — obviously — a confirmed change that was almost as much attention as the man. He avoided direct attacks on his opponents — two-time loser Tony D'Onofrio and senior alderman David Smith. Se-

Expressway interruptus

It stretches gracefully from the towers of Quebec City's colorful university square on the left over the red brick row housing of Lower Town and then shoots eastward in the lee of the Laurentian Mountains. But, only two miles from its start, the unworldly expressway suddenly comes to an abrupt halt. The obstacle? A not particularly prominent tall bay of the St. Lawrence River where, in the shadow of the road's unfinished gateway, a low-lying gate pokes down from the tower into a small inlet. The expressway, stuck up again for another 2½ miles, is to be eventually demolished at the majestic Montmorency Falls.

Though the contractors had already cost \$108 million, the mucky gap a misery to the 100,000 who pushed the causeway toward earlier this year. Industry ecologists and assorted anti-beautiful people roared a risk far worse than the total cost. Nipping into the substance in the rich mud, while human diversions of the expressway was then frayed by the prospect of taking the rest of the water to six levels of concrete.

So, at a move reminiscent of Ontario's suspension of the Toronto Spadina Expressway seven years ago, the Quebec government ordered construction suspended pending public hearings last month. Only the local Chamber of Commerce argued to close the bridgeheads and proceed full speed ahead but, with the assembled motorists standing as a guarantee to government waste, Part Québécois



not instantly members for the region but they will be stunned out of order by ordinary voters who tend more often to be drivers and taxpayers than critics of docks.

As a result, 40 Transport Minister Lucien Lévesque is dining for a compromise with the contractor, Transport Interim International, who said his powers to break the project. Expected later this month is a decision to skirt the mud but by diverting the highway onto terra firma in a tortuous and slow-moving U-bend — thus avoiding the bog, but at the same time, insulating the very purpose of the high-speed roadway. Originally it was designed to serve as a planned extension of the Quebec City docks into the mud flat. But now, under steadily rising technical protest authorities have constructed public consultation hearings of their own — probably an unwitting means of abandoning the port expansion and leaving the hot-and-dry motorists without a real reason for being.

David Thomas

well's series of Sewell campaign rallies through historic squares of the city attracted wide audiences, humanized his ascetic image and, perhaps most important, captured headlines in the daily press.

Sewell also stuck steadfastly to the issues as he saw them reducing transit fares (Toronto's fares for 33 for 33 among the highest on the continent) to low the business case for a new transit property-tax reforms, and an open plebiscite process. Privately, however, Sewell knew that winning would ultimately depend on transforming the public's perception of himself. One day, making even a good live response in David Smith, Sewell allowed, "That sounds like the old John Sewell — only the old John Sewell said it better." Few politicians of any stripe are quite so blunt about their image, or quite as adept at holding it at arm's length — the flames lit by Veirich's shirt. "And (poor Sewell) I know him."

Just how much the voters accepted that transformation was reflected in Toronto's official north end, where

Sewell won almost as many polls as nationwide Smith. In the end, Sewell claimed just under 40 per cent of the total vote, O'Donoghue took second (33 per cent) and Smith — despite a \$100,000 campaign — a distant third (25 per cent). The two losers effectively split the opposition vote.

The political moderation of John Sewell did not end on election night. Acknowledging the results are more becoming to his image, he has been promised to continue wearing his new threads (although he vowed not to surrender the "no-speed bicycle" he pedaled around the city). More to the point, Sewell's meteoric rise secured some eloquent right wingers to the powerful conservative committee. The appointment ensured a Sewell majority on major issues, but went a long way toward appeasing his opponents. It was a gesture of conciliation that spoke eloquently about the new Sewell. The new Sewell and the dream have changed, but the essential politics will not.

Michael Posner with Graham Fraser and Thomas Hopkins

After you, Mr. Micawber

Pierre Trudeau really didn't want to attend the annual meeting of his Ontario party in Toronto last weekend—and would wonder where his party lost all seven Ontario by-elections last month, the prime minister has taken his leave from key Ontarians. Finally, just 84 hours before the delegates began registering, Trudeau agreed to deliver the keynote address Friday night—but only after intense pressure from his staff and party regulars.

The PM's reluctance arose after he was the target of unrelenting criticism during a three-day meeting of the national executive in that Quebec earlier this month, and over a Toronto lunch of invited officials during Monaghan Bennett's visit two weeks ago. One leave participant told Trudeau bluntly that the Liberals could not win the next election with him as leader. Others suggested that Trudeau's constitutional reform proposals had fallen flat upon an electorate more concerned about the economy. Another waverer promised a salty rebuke from the leader by suggesting, in effect, that he had run out of reasons for urging people to vote Liberal.

Trudeau's cleverly-crafted Toronto speech was an attempt to provide some answers and to get his many critics off his back. Amidst jolly cheers, Trudeau revealed the price for a "Waterspout and a cat, produce a natural mood of cynicism, disbelief and exasperation" about his government, the provincial



Trudeau in flight: against the clever or otherwise

premiers and Opposition leader Joe Clark for their "13 nations" approach to decentralizing the country; and, most significantly, his own party for failing to back the government ("We have the right to expect the benefit of the doubt").

Trudeau also linked his continuation as head of government indirectly to the future of the country. Quebec Liberals had once to O'Brien in the last decade to fight separatism, he finished with passion. "You take away that bunch of Quebecers and I can guarantee you that Quebecers will vote for separation the day after." Unlike Clark, he contrasted "I wouldn't negotiate" with René Lévesque.

Unusually for Trudeau, his remarks coincided with authoritative polls published by Montreal's *La Presse* indicat-

ing that Quebecers now would vote "yes" (44 to 39 per cent) if Lévesque asked for a "mandate" to negotiate sovereignty-association; and that the Quebec premier is favored over Trudeau (48 to 31 per cent) and Liberal leader Claude Ryan (41 to 35 per cent) as the most authentic voice of Québécois aspirations.

But the polls were not an issue with Ontario Liberals, who rose—and got—fodder for thought and for use against their many critics. In the hotel corridor, however, there was a lingering recognition that a dramatic turnaround in party fortunes is unlikely over the next few months. In a sense, Trudeau stood before them in the manner of the embattled but eternally optimistic Winston Churchill of Charles Dickens' *Dombey and Son*, who kept devising new schemes "in case of anything turning up."

Robert Lewis

This little piggy went ha, ha, ha

When public works efforts sadly removed John Nugent's controversial 350,000 sculpture Northern No. 1 from the front of Winnipeg's Glen Commission building in late August (see below's Sept. 15) article, lamentations flooded throughout the province. Nugent supporters denounced politicians for succumbing to pressure from Philistines who hated the modern work and demanded its removal. In particular they attacked the sculpture Minister Eugene Whelan, who had demanded the work as a waste of taxpayers' money even though he had never seen it.

Enter this month the coldest had their



GGC says John Whelan's article "No. 1: Win-a-pig" 400 pounds of piggy outrage

revenge when five men parked an eight-foot pink pig on the site vacated by Nugent's work. It was freebought. No. 1 Win-a-pig. Dedicated to the PM, Hon. Eugene Whelan, the boss of the Glen Commission and the people of Winnipeg who now have a sculpture they can understand. Embarrassed officials were not amused and, poorer than pigs, they had it wheeled from public view into a hall-on track—but not before it had grazed or damaged the site for five hours.

One of the pig's seven anonymous creators, who styled themselves the Winnipeg Group of Seven, allowed as how it had taken two months to build, as well as 600 pounds of plaster of Paris, masses of chicken wire and lots of wood from the Assiniboine River. Unfortunately the public works officials broke its nose off as the sculpture to move it," he said, "so we're having to replace it with a new work. No. 1 Win-a-pig cost a modest \$72. Watch the space. Peter Carlyle-Gorday.

Woman is an island.
Fidji is her perfume.



PARFUMS GUY LAROCHE PARIS

A matter of judgment

British Columbia's tight-knit legal establishment will not soon recover from the close-ended resignation of chief justice of the B.C. Court of Appeal John Parns and the gushy public trial of provincial court Judge Erik Ben-



Parns and Benard: Judging the judges

droit, the latter accused of picking up a black teen-age prostitute in front of a downtown Vancouver hotel Oct. 18. Both cases have cast a pall over the entire B.C. judiciary.

The issue of where generating the most attention, because of his position and the lofty legal traditions of his family, is the one involving Parns, who stepped down after he had been placed under investigation by the federal Judicial Council of Canada, prompted by Vancouver vice squad detectives who said they had found his name in a diary in a well-end Vancouver bachelorette house. Initial reports indicated the Judicial Council (described as the chief justice of the Supreme Court and the other 16 Canadian chief justices) had decided, because of Parns' resignation, not to pursue the matter. That eased Justice Minister Otis Lang, while insisting he has no knowledge of criminal charges against Parns, to declare late last week that "the matter remains before the court."

Less controversial than the Parns case (Parns' father, Senator John W., is supposed to have run B.C. in the '50s and '60s with a small cadre of Liberal

friends from a table in the Vancouver Club in the investigation of Benard's, a veteran judge who missed narrowly after a seizure hotel detective wrote a letter to Chief Provincial Court Judge Lawrence Gossel detailing the encounter with the hooker. After provincial Attorney-General Garrie Gordon expressed a desire that the seven-member Judicial Council of B.C. judge Benard's case in public, reporters heard during *Eden-of-Night* testimony that indicated Judge Benard was suffering from amnesia and that his wife had become a victim of multiple



adultery. Defense counsel John Brown called upon Judge Benard's doctor, who testified that any more drugging would kill the judge—and further that he had not had a drink since the incident in question. Pile and overnight, Judge Benard managed to write in a stream of city prosecutors and judges with whom he has worked steadily to his previous and effectiveness on the bench. The Judicial Council must now report to the attorney-general its decision on whether Benard should remain there.

Despite indications that both cases are coming to a conclusion, rumors persist in Vancouver that new developments will occur. Speculation centres in the possibility of the revocation of some prominent cases in the bachelorette house diary and the possible vulnerability of several hard-driving provincial judges. Members of the B.C. legal fraternity continue to wince at every twist in the Judge Parns' case, and in particular those who fear the erosion of judicial credibility in the province despite the rumors. The reality is hard enough, they say, without, in the words of former justice minister Ian Blusford, "the prancing of the cocktail circuit."

Thomas Hopkins

A new way to suck the suckers

By the time the Loto Canada gifts parade rolled into Regina's Southland Mall last week, the million-dollar worth of gold-washed inside the tempered glass case and surrounded by four armed Brooks guards was only worth \$800,000. That didn't bother shoppers, who crowded around to feast their eyes on the shimmering hoard and buy 810 tickets on Loto Canada Draw No. 18. The only problem bothering Loto officials was that the local Miss Millan, an ex-catty named Mahoney, Barwell, who claims she's "five-foot, 10-inch," couldn't wear the flimsy gold leaf dress they'd bought for her because it didn't arrive on time. But after slipping into something equally revealing, Miss Millan proved an irresistible attraction as the gold. Clearly, Loto Canada had discovered what to do for an encore. Bet and bullies make even better suckers than plain old money.

The bellies left created a stir, if also some confusion, wherever it passed. Earlier in Winnipeg, Loto's traveling back Norman Schaefer confessed that "an attempted hijack would be good publicity—if no one was hurt," but he warned that in face of heavy security precautions, "you'd have to lay down a wall of bodies to get to it." Peter Whitbread, ex-KCSE guard and now Loto Canada's chief after-draw, turns the gold in and out of Regina's vaults every day,

Loto Canada gold: a better sucker-bait



Curtains for the end of steel

The time at half-past 1949, Newfoundland has become the 10th province and Canadian National Rail (CN) over the world's transportation system. A conductor is scheduled in an empty coach and, passing the way through the complex freight box, now comes howl about for the famous (never-passed) train-station express known in previous Newfoundland as the Bull.

Conductor (formerly wandering what impossible demands his new employers may be placing upon him) Now, left is a line of operators. Port on the ground, its 30 (Over with a winged) (Tale of a train), St. John's—read March?

Newfoundland's newest play, *Deadly what's a train?* was a hit with St. John's audience from that curtain down through the two week run. The conductor is delighted that the Bull's new (open) train station appreciate the train's operational dynamism—how bailing through the natural wind tunnel known as Woodhouse can take down and how (saying the show) of that "spike" can take out water (but the house of the train powered road opera is depicted not because her top-hand gets left off by CNR because he's such a lowdown that he watches the CNR crew (the train) (the train) to this for a dynamic young (conductor) from the moment who is propelled by a vision of better transportation for Newfoundland—until she discovers his dream is a nightmare. He's plotting to run the railway off the stand with a fleet of oil trains and trucks.

Newfoundland has never before for the besting the Bull's first post-graduate train in 1988 and they're com-

and refuse to tell how the bullies is spent from one city to another.

Loto Canada's most important operation began on Sept. 25 with the purchase of one million Canadian dollars worth of gold—3,808 troy ounces at the time—of \$125.00 an ounce. On Oct. 4 the winning number was drawn and Oct. 7 the tickets went on sale. The trick is that each ticket is in fact a sealed packet containing three numbers. One just might be C678436 to win instant gold, but even should somebody else discover the instant number, tickets will go on selling because the other numbers on who say 12 additional million-dollar prizes (verified cheques but not gold) to be drawn for on Dec. 1. So off went the glittering glass case to shopping malls from Halifax to Montreal (where the Benardites took cheques as well as these usual revivals) and eventually



Rising Tide cost of 'Deadly'... what's a train? The Rocky Horror was disrupted

visited there is a scheme to keep all night runs too. The subtitle of the play by *Rising Tide Theatre* in New's Gough: combining a growing Newle part (it is a story) with a dog at CNR for training at the railway's economic war on all narrow tracks and cars. And gold as St. John's audience were laughing some of their hoodies say it expectantly announced that 1970's capital budget would be cut by more than \$1 million (from \$2.5 million). That will mean 10 fewer jobs for construction and maintenance workers and cancellation of two more night runs. On top, the traffic outlook is down because business is switching to rubber. —On a train-train

which haul merchandise from the mainland was the larger sized train (CN introduced a 1970). The company says the switch is due to the attractive cost differential of trucks versus train, but many businessmen say it's because there are few lines left and trucks are being run down. For loading docks.

Shoppers have topped up Newfoundland from that buying groups at 10000 and the Marmora. Unfortunately, federal cutbacks in funding for freight travel will probably prevent *Rising Tide* from getting off the stand even though *Deadly* what's a train? would run and school of vanished recreation whistles in other provinces where the railway is slowly disappearing. Maybe CN will send *Rising Tide* a truck. Robert Plunkin

Toronto

Special delivery from the ranks

When the cheering—and the whoop—died down, Dennis McNeill faced a hall pulsating with tension. The message he brought to the Ontario Federation of Labor convention in Toronto last week was a familiar one with a federal election expected soon, unions should struggle on behalf of labor's ally, the New Democratic Party. Apart from the occasional catcall, and a scuffle at one microphone where he wouldn't stay on to answer questions, the 1,369 delegates gave fierce attention



McDermott: a bit of steel and stone

to McDermott's every word—not so much for what he was saying, as for what he was not.

The union delegates wanted the man they had summoned to office to explain why his 53-million-member Canadian Labor Congress maintained such a conspicuous silence during the five-day postal strike. Though McDermott did not rise to the bait before the CPL, in response to media criticism he circulated in secret a copy of a statement the congress officers had adopted in private. The statement explained the congress couldn't support "a course of action that takes as down the road to anarchy, and which will, at best, leave the labor movement in total disarray."

The full toll of delegate dissatisfaction became clear when McDermott's speech was over. Though he won a standing ovation from most of his audience, a full third remained seated to signal their alienation. Many white-collar public-service workers fear that the CIO stand over the postal workers reduces their blue-collar brethren to the same industrial status they may not lack them in clashes with government. Not just postal workers but all public employees face increasing public resentment over disruption of services, and are warned that politicians will

seek to popularize their desire to strike. More immediately, Prime Minister Trudeau is expected to introduce a revised version of Bill C-58, the proposed legislation to restrain public-sector wages by tying them down to the rate of increase in the private sector. With that prospect ahead, even a normally restrained union leader such as Andrew Stewart, president of the 160,000-member Public Service Alliance of Canada, is starting to talk seriously about the necessity of "job action." McDermott argues that the postal workers' experience is no indication the congress will lack of generally, but he made an agreement across the labor movement in the incident—and he wasn't going to shut into use at the behest of a movement affiliate which refused all moderating advice.

Robert White, the man who succeeded McDermott as Canadian director of the United Auto Workers and perhaps his closest ally, told the convention that when the prime breaks over public service bargaining rights, "We'll come out ready—no politicians should think they need take advantage of divisions in our ranks." White said the union stand could mean labor will "what does the plants and offices across this country." But both he and McDermott remain convinced that's so final solution. The answer, they say, is not on the picket line but at the ballot box.

CANADA'S OIL FUTURE: SOME HARD FACTS.

The first alarming fact is that, today in Canada, we depend on oil for 43% of all our energy needs. That's right, almost half. Why's that alarming? Because right now oil is in the most critical risk category of all our energy resources.

Our own conventional oil wells just can't supply the demands. So we've looked for and developed new oil resources, such as the oil sands. But putting the plants to extract oil from the sands is a very costly and time-consuming proposition.

How costly? How time-consuming? You've probably heard about the Syncrude oil plant that started up this fall at the Athabasca oil sands in Alberta. A plant like that takes 7 years or more to plan and build. It cost over two billion dollars to complete, and the next one will be even more. But, will Syncrude meet our oil needs? No. At full capacity, that one plant will only produce 7% of Canada's daily oil demands.

With our domestic oil supplies in decline, Canada has to rely on imported oil to meet one-third of our oil needs. The delivered cost of foreign oil has increased from about \$8.00 per barrel in 1970 to almost \$30 in 1978. And Canada will import an estimated 280 million barrels of oil this year, at a total cost of over \$3 billion, which would mean \$480 per year for a family of four. Canada simply can't afford to become overdependent on foreign oil. Besides, the supply could be reduced at any time. We have no choice but to develop our own resources.

What is Canada doing about the situation?

The target for 1985 is to hold imports to one-third of our oil demand, or 800,000 barrels a day, whatever is less. Canada has made this a formal commitment as part of an effort by the International Energy Agency to limit world demand for limited world oil supplies.

But meeting this target involves strong measures. Some that have already been taken are:

- ☐ Reduction in oil exports, so that more Canadian oil is available for Canadians;
- ☐ Direct support of Syncrude, and strong encouragement of research and development in the oil sands, and in Western Canada's heavy oil deposits;
- ☐ Support for development of partial alternatives to oil, such as natural gas, coal, and renewable energy, including hydro electric power;
- ☐ Direct financial aid for home insulation;
- ☐ Participation in international measures to take effect in an emergency.

Meeting the target will involve determined effort by governments, utilities, municipalities and industries—whether they are suppliers or consumers of energy.

You can help by insulating your home. By turning down your thermostat. And by cutting down your use of gasoline. Our oil is too precious to waste.

Down Under goes Down East

Professors' point out what is a great deal of oil in Alaska is being kept under a heavy Murphy's Newfoundland. In the "Newfoundland" region, located in the Atlantic province, is a great deal of oil. As when an Australian mining outfit started taking claims in a hot uranium area in Labrador under the north—a scarcely available. It's known after its location has been revealed in a government survey in 1978 \$20 million in St. John's—the quartz match was an open. Low Murphy now 45 and operator of Commodore Mining and Newfoundland Exploration Ltd. in view to find any company registered for when Dr. Murphy's Newfoundland. The name on the claims—and heavily do paraded the all his own men in Quebec. They there they chartered a helicopter and an hour later on the north shore of Lake Malawi—this O2 as described in the mining survey—this with installing the new blocks of Alaska claims as well as in new which are adjacent.

The question is whether their claims are legal, says Murphy. Obviously on the way down at his last sketch with the

broken from Down Under. Under the Murphy's Newfoundland, you can take a look in the oil in the best, not to the a variety down and it's a good, it's legal. But under the Commodore Act is a company



must be registered before it can do business in the province. Murphy's claims for a non-renewable right. The transfer of company's claim to the province is a legal. Heirloom. Exploration in Toronto before that they were conducting claims in Newfoundland without being legally registered and now the word from St. John's is that that happens is also a legal. Heirloom in the province of Newfoundland and a director of when Dr. Murphy's Newfoundland, but operates from an office in Dublin.

With 5,000 claims staked in Newfoundland and Labrador so far this year—five in 1977 total—something like means level is developing. A \$12.5-million study of detailed non-renewable surveys of the province is underway and previously it started under one, adds to the interval with each new one released. The province isn't yet called "Newfoundland" but a new has designed to open up vast areas of land previously off-limits to small operators, has opened considerable new exploration. Low Murphy credits the government with opening things up, but is afraid they've overdone it. "Anybody in the world can walk in here and stake a claim. You can't do that in any other province and it's not right. The Russians or the Chinese could just over the whole place. So the province don't best them to do. Robert Mackin

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14-01



World News

New liberties, old wounds: Spain's days of decision

By David Beard

I had all the black uneasiness of yesterday's parties. A bespectacled 18-year-old youth nervously faced his judges—a colonel and five infantry officers—in a cramped barracks courtroom in northern Spain. Though a civilian, Ramon Sagueta was being tried by the military. His crime: making the Spanish flag. Three times, alleged the prosecution, he had waved the procreation, he had drunk wine from his brow and even he had blown his nose with the red and yellow national colors while taking part in a Marxist youth group's stage show.

That was enough to earn Sagueta a one-year jail sentence this month. But he has the consolation of knowing that he is unlikely to ever forget. For he was a historic case, the death rattle of General Franco's implacable regime. Three years after the dictator was laid to rest in the Valley of the Fallen han-

dies, the grotesque Wagnerian moment built outside Madrid with its enigmatic blood, Franco's "fundamental laws" are about to be buried too.

On Dec. 4, 35 million Spaniards—including 14 million between 18 and 21 who have just been enfranchised—will vote on a new constitution that contains enough civil liberties to send tremors through the 482-foot granite cross atop

Franco's tomb. The nation is expected to pronounce something "20 to a decision" that abolishes the death penalty, allows religious freedom, recognizes the right to strike, admits the possibility of divorce, enforces a parliamentary system and does away with trial by court martial for civilians.

Perhaps even more important than what the constitution says, however, is the way in which it evolved. Fourteen months of painstaking negotiation by the political parties were needed to reach a consensus. In a country frequently rangled by deep historical antagonisms between poor and privileged, the constitution has been hailed as a landmark and supported by most shades of opinion. And one young Marxist-Leninist militant: "It has a capitalist slant but it gives plenty of elbow room. It would be ridiculous not to accept it as a major step forward."

For its architects, Prime Minister Adolfo Suárez, it "contradicts the idea of two irreconcilable Spains and es-

tablishes a reasonable, peaceful, ordered basis for living together." Yet, as a lifetime of propaganda urged the people to "vote freely" in the referendum, those who want to keep old wounds open are busy rubbing at the sores. Last weekend, it was disclosed that four army officers had been arrested, reportedly for plotting to hold hostage members of the cabinet. Die-hard Francoists claim a new crusade is needed to save Spain in face of all the changes.

Today, King Juan Carlos can hold instant conversations with his Zarzuela Palace with socialists and Communists; newspapers lampoon government figures; citizens' groups council affairs with their grievances; porno films and sex shows have invaded the cities, and an estimated two million women in Catholic Spain are on the pill, which next year will be dispensed free at family planning clinics. That is too much for some. Says a Málaga shopkeeper, Miguel Velasco: "There's no respect anymore, for family or for government. They say this country needs a 30-year-old Franco."

It is a minority view, but nostalgia for the past plays into the hands of right-wing rabble-rousers who often have sympathies within the police force. They yearn for the unbridled power of the Franco years and point to rising crime and widespread feelings of insecurity as the possibility of democracy. There were that nostalgia by the revitalization of regional nationalisms such as Catalans, Basques and Galicians will lead to the country's disintegration.

Right- and left-wing extremist activists seek to sabotage the democratic process by inciting violence. For those who worry there is, the last frame on the left right

Francisco's monument for those who worry there is, the last frame on the left right

proceeds to reach a climax before the referendum, particularly in the Basque country where a large percentage is expected to abstain from voting. Already certain central powers are starting to be turned over to the so-called autonomous Basque and Catalan regions. But that is not enough to satisfy many autonomously independent Basques. The wave of terrorist outrages, chiefly by Basque separatists, recently sent Defense Minister General Gutiérrez Mellado on a barracks tour to strike a calming note among the restless military. "I assure you that there is not going to be a coup d'état," he told the groused. Jeered before several hundred officers at a briefing last week, he ordered the arrest of the civil guard general commander, the incoherent Mellado has played a significant part in smoothing the path to a more egalitarian society, though his style contrasts sharply with that of Salazar, whose advice was as neatly tailored as his public image.

With amazing agility—and the unflinching support of King Juan Carlos—the 46-year-old president has switched from being a Francoist to the role of champion of democracy. Over- chief of the ruling Centre Democratic Party at last month's closely contested congress, Salazar has urged Christian Democrats in the party he created by taking a social democratic course in a bid to undercut the powerful Socialist Party of Felipe González. If more than 70 per cent of the voters approve the new constitution, Salazar may seek an election. His most likely move, however, is to form a new government after submitting his resignation to parliamentary approval. Support could come from Rousecamp's Santiago Carrillo, who was no advantage in early elections, and a new rightist group, the former Franco minister Práxedes Mateo Sagardía.

The average Spaniard, however, is less interested in such a case than in a system to solve the problems besetting his daily life. Pressing economic problems, labor troubles, mass unemployment, health and education scandals will be heading at the door of the new government.

Trade union leaders are signing over new trust to control inflation, down from 50 per cent last year to a probable 16 per cent this year—and to encourage business. That government hopes to cut it to 10 per cent in 1979 may break down in fact of Communist since leader Mariano Comandó's demand for wage increases of 16 to 17 per cent.

Nevertheless, Comandó's presence at a ministerial negotiating table is a measure of how much Spain has changed. Three years ago he was in prison, his party was banned and thousands of Spaniards were still in political

prison. And evidence is a rally in the Basque country where a large percentage is expected to abstain from voting. Already certain central powers are starting to be turned over to the so-called autonomous Basque and Catalan regions. But that is not enough to satisfy many autonomously independent Basques. The wave of terrorist outrages, chiefly by Basque separatists, recently sent Defense Minister General Gutiérrez Mellado on a barracks tour to strike a calming note among the restless military. "I assure you that there is not going to be a coup d'état," he told the groused. Jeered before several hundred officers at a briefing last week, he ordered the arrest of the civil guard general commander, the incoherent Mellado has played a significant part in smoothing the path to a more egalitarian society, though his style contrasts sharply with that of Salazar, whose advice was as neatly tailored as his public image.

With amazing agility—and the unflinching support of King Juan Carlos—the 46-year-old president has switched from being a Francoist to the role of champion of democracy. Over- chief of the ruling Centre Democratic Party at last month's closely contested congress, Salazar has urged Christian Democrats in the party he created by taking a social democratic course in a bid to undercut the powerful Socialist Party of Felipe González. If more than 70 per cent of the voters approve the new constitution, Salazar may seek an election. His most likely move, however, is to form a new government after submitting his resignation to parliamentary approval. Support could come from Rousecamp's Santiago Carrillo, who was no advantage in early elections, and a new rightist group, the former Franco minister Práxedes Mateo Sagardía.

The average Spaniard, however, is less interested in such a case than in a system to solve the problems besetting his daily life. Pressing economic problems, labor troubles, mass unemployment, health and education scandals will be heading at the door of the new government.

Trade union leaders are signing over new trust to control inflation, down from 50 per cent last year to a probable 16 per cent this year—and to encourage business. That government hopes to cut it to 10 per cent in 1979 may break down in fact of Communist since leader Mariano Comandó's demand for wage increases of 16 to 17 per cent.

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One of the returned exiles, historian Salvador de Madariaga, showed his indignation recently at terrorist attacks which this year have resulted in more than 70 deaths—including that of a judge last week. Said De Madariaga: "Violence is not a peculiar characteristic of the Spanish people, a people who are patient and reasonable and know how to listen. It is a tragedy that Spaniards have shown a restraint and maturity that Franco would they did not possess. The general desire for harmony has so far proved stronger than a stubborn minority's mania for discord, a desire the least convincing of the two put in the test. And there, perhaps, Ramon Sagueta can go home."

The U.S.

Few rights make too many wrongs

It was a bad time for executives and stockholders. Along with other impacts of the old South they felt the chill of change at America's federal government finally voted out last week for justice on behalf of the Wilmington 10. There was no direct connection, but the move coincided with a drive by labor unions to organize Duke's oppressive power-holdings, destined to emphasize the need for a new South.

Reports that this has already arisen as premature—in was shown recently by the Institute for Southern Studies in Atlanta. It has found that despite the economic boom and growing industrialization on the South the gap between rich and poor remains all too exactly as it was 25 years ago. The richest one-fifth of southern families continues to get more than 60 per cent of the region's income, while the bottom 40 per cent only a nickel out of every dollar. James Bond, the Georgia state senator who is president of the institution, said this "democracies clearly that the rich get richer—and if the poor don't previously grow poor, they certainly don't do any better."

The action on behalf of the Wilmington 10 was unprecedented, and was received as a blow to southern pride. The 39-year black man and a white woman were sentenced to prison terms of up to 20 years seven years ago for the fire bombing of a white-owned grocery during racial violence that left two dead in Wilmington, North Carolina.

They were accused on the strength of one witness, Alvin Hall, who has since changed his testimony three



Sagueta: If you're quick you can sidestep the extremes



Francisco's monument for those who worry there is, the last frame on the left right



Southern pickets, looking north for equal rights

James Federal lawyers say outright that Hall may have lied under oath and the state has now been officially asked to free the Reverend Ron Charles from jail and the other nine from pending obligations. But there is a fierce sense of independence in the South where many whites stem obsessed with retaining what they perceive as their "rights." It is generally felt in North Carolina that Washington had no cause to interfere and that the eventual outcome has yet to be decided.

The "desegregation-industry" issue raises itself again, and most strongly, in the labor field. Only 14.8 per cent of workers in the 13 southern states are union members, as opposed to 38.2 per cent nationwide. As a result, southern companies, particularly in the textile and furniture industries, get away with paying the lowest wages and providing the worst conditions in the country.

Automotive companies, for example, pay about \$1.25 an hour less to workers in the non-union South than to those doing identical jobs in the unionized North. Companies with strong unions are actively discouraged from locating in some southeastern border-state local policies, backed by lawmakers, argue that if high-paying jobs are introduced, long-established non-union companies will close away rather than catch the

wages. In the long run, they argue, the locals will suffer.

They also label unions as Communist collaborators that rob a man or woman of his or her personal freedoms. This is a particularly effective argument among members of the largely conservative white working class, however poor they are and however pliant in reality are their "freedoms." By contrast the South, which makes up 20 per cent of the South's population, are more eager to sign a union card. They never had any freedom to "lose" in the first place.

Jim Sals, who directs the CIO activities in seven southern states, claims that in a labor union there is actually a conspiracy between the politicians of the communities and the corporate interests. They insist on non-unionization to keep wages low but we are making ourselves less free, so inflation goes up, people just can't live on a bad pay.

Sals says the Governor Wether's Union is now winning elections in the Carolinas, in Mississippi, in Florida, in Alabama, and elsewhere. "We have 18 unions involved in some 150 campaigns to get plants organized right now in Florida alone." But people have "stranger concepts" down South. "I asked a class of grade 11 and 12 high school students in North Carolina why a labor union was, and many of them thought quite seriously that it was a Mafia organization."

In a North Carolina bar a recent graduate of a northern Ivy League university said the South owed its existence to the old culture to a tradition of storytelling. "For generations we had far fewer outside entertainment facilities than the North," he said. "The fellow sitting in a rocking chair always had an audience, and the stories of the individual were always strong."

In that way, the language of the South has remained local, personal, expressive. In southern states, girls are "pretty as a speckled hen" or "ugly as homemade soap." In a Mississippi court a black defendant explained his relationship to the common-law wife he had murdered. "She was my much right woman." Ask what he meant, he replied, "I figured I had as much right to her as any body else."

Not surprisingly, there are many who believe that, despite the poverty and the injustice, America without its Dixie states would be like a kite without a center, like Lincoln in black and white. The South, the old South, is color and class, repression and discontent. Often done wrong and hard done by, so often hard done by, but never—no, hardly ever—truly and fully done right.

Arthur "Two-Leg Sam" Jackson was born near Dover in South Carolina, in Dec. 18, 1901. The youngest in a poverty-

stricken, black sharecropper family, he was put to plowing at the age of 10 and often hired out for extra work on neighbors.

"There was no civil rights, no union, no freedom—except those left you to starve. But Arthur, now full of his philosophy and strength, looks back with an anger that is unquenched, not fomented, by pride. He has been "discovered" by the folklore department at the University of North Carolina, where his words and history have been recorded and are being studied as an insider's view of what it was and what it is like for the very poor in Jimmy Carter's South.

"We look at us, you look at a man that was born for hard luck," says Arthur. Then he grins and adds, just so that you might understand he is not later: "I'm in such hard luck that if it's raining down right in this very room, everybody would be standing there with a spoon, why, I'd have a fork."

It will take more time the Withington 10 decision to alter attitudes and inequalities to deeply entrenched.

William Leathers

Britain

'The Times' is running out

One it was known as "The Thunderer" or because of its strong voice and the forthright way they were expressed, and even today its voice commands the attention and respect of what its ads used to call "my" people around the world. But The Times of London, probably the best-known newspaper in the world and the oldest paper in the English language with a record of continuous publication—to quote the headline given to new members of staff—may be shaken from New 30 Row good.

That is the deadline set by its management for reaching agreement with unions as a huge package of industrial relations reforms and technological innovations. The agreement would also cover The Times' sister paper, The Sunday Times, and that, too, will depend publication access agreement has been reached by every one of the 54 staff negotiating unions while Times Newspapers Limited (TNL).

The New Statesman, a respected left-wing weekly paper, remarked last week that "many observers, especially among TNL's employees, perceive a cutting, calculated move on the part of an attack Canadian-based conglomerates (the Thomson Organization) seeking to divert itself of ancient British institu-

tions acquired in sentimentality by its founder, the late Roy Thomson."

Undoubtedly Thomson—the barber's son from Toronto who became a multi-millionaire and a world-famous The Times as the largest print in his corner. He bought it and saved it from probable death in 1906, and wrote off its losses against his private family fortune. His son and heir, Rex, who lives mainly in Toronto, carried on in similar fashion until last July when accumulated losses reached \$40 million. Now the paper's commercial performance means under the inspection of the Thomson shareholders who have seen the relative importance of the group's newspaper holdings decline sharply in the last five years as profits from its North Sea oil nearly increased.

However the suggestion that oil is now paramount, and that the crisis at The Times is simply a cynically contrived ploy by top management to distract a couple of old papers (founded 1780 and 1822) against their recent history. The threat to close until agreement is reached comes as Britain to a long decade not just in Times Newspapers but throughout Fleet Street, virtual home of Britain's national newspapers.

Between the two World Wars, Fleet Street's proprietors fought their own war, reducing news demands on managing levels and pay in the hope of pricing new entrants out of business. Fleet Street has repeatedly criticised the resultant over-staffing, as well as poor management, for the newspapers' but no non-existent profits.

But many members have resisted staff cuts and machine modernization.

Thomson in Toronto office, getting tough with Fleet Street

Operating with each plant with a high degree of independence, sometimes defying their own national officials, they have repeatedly used "midnight black-out" — the threat to stop production of that most perishable commodity, news—to get their own way.

Losses from such tactics so far this year total more than eight million, compared to the Daily Herald, 77 million at The Sun, 15 million at the Daily Express, three million at the Daily Mail, 30 million at the Daily Telegraph, 135,000 at the Guardian, 622,000 at the Financial Times and nearly four million at The Times, whose daily sale is 260,000. The Sunday Times has lost more than one million copies.

One of the four main groups of objectives sought by the management is the eradication of such wildcat strikes, replaced by strict adherence to dispute procedure and arbitration at national rather than shop level. They also want modernization of up to 50 per cent through voluntary redundancies, with backbones of up to \$50,000 a year, and training agreements which would allow journalists and clerks as well as printers to use new computer-based typesetting equipment (already bought for \$5 million) as in the case in many modern North American plants.

Union officials complain that management has three only are months to conclude a highly complicated agreement. But Marianne "Duke" Harney, TNL's managing director, says, "With unions moving on both sides, there's nothing much on the world that can't be negotiated in six days." How serious is that threat? The Thunderer—and the world—may have to wait until Nov. 30 to know the answer.

Chris Donnelly



Turkey

Band-Aid help for a sick land

Aid packages belonging to western governments ransacked looted Turkish towns and villages last week, the latest in a series of a \$200-million United States arms and military transaction poured into the country by ship and plane. At least in one respect, the wobbly and embattled left-wing government of Fevziye Beldir Erviri has scored a victory: the lifting of the American arms embargo has given the Turkish armed forces a badly needed injection of weapons and war material.

On July 1st, however, whether that will be enough to keep Erviri in power and Turkey an effective guardian of NATO's southern flank. All economic indicators predict a worsening crisis for the pro-West "sick man of Europe." Meanwhile, parallel negotiations have started involving crucial decisions for the hard-pressed Erviri government. On the one hand the Turks are trying to sort out the nature of their military relationship with the United States and NATO. On the other, they are desperately searching for funds from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) to prop up their ailing economy. But while there are some prospects that the military talks will be successful—simply because the West needs Turkey—there are few guarantees that sufficient funds will be made available to the Ankara government to save it from a major crisis and a possible military take-over.

In the wobbly sphere, the talks for the first time have come to a \$60-million loan. But it is "a drop in the leaky Turkish bucket." The country has foreign debts of about \$15 billion, its inflation rate is expected to reach 60 per cent by the end of this year. Between the straitening and over Turkish efforts, so long as available in shops and bazaars.

In the experts, a solution is relatively simple. Turkey needs more serious help—helping to Erviri and his advisers, such as those in political drama in a country racked by dissatisfied and violence. But Erviri at a recent political rally "Some international financial institutions don't understand and don't seem to care that Turkey's social problems are an enemy that with its economic problems." They certainly match each other in scale. Political violence continues unabated, affecting university campuses and even remote villages near



Premier Kuvshinov and U.S. forces searching in Turkey for al-Qaida; both together

the Iraqi border. Gun and bomb attacks by left and right extremists have claimed more than 400 lives this year.

Again, that background, NATO appears relieved that by lifting the 31-year arms embargo the United States has obtained the rearmament of five key installations (out of 20) on Turkish territory, supplying roughly 30 per cent of the electronic intelligence NATO receives about the Soviet Union. But this represents only a temporary respite. Within the next year, the U.S. and Turkey must work out a permanent military treaty or, say the Turks, the bases go back under wraps. And there are two substantial obstacles to such negotiations.

The first is that more and more educated Turks are questioning their country's involvement with American military objectives. If Turkey were more independent, they point out, the Soviet Union might be more willing to add to the fit before it events it has already provided. The second is that even if a treaty is negotiated, it is unlikely to be ratified by Congress unless there is some progress on Cyprus, where Turkish troops still occupy nearly half the island they invaded in 1974.

There the going seems likely to be equally difficult. The parties to the Cyprus dispute argued their case as usual this autumn to the United Nations General Assembly, which called for a withdrawal dialogue and resources by the Security Council to make its decisions stick. In the past, however, such resolutions have had little impact either on the island or on Turkey itself.

Andrew Borowiec



China

Teng knocks on the back door

China's forthright vice-premier, Teng Hsiao-ping, enjoys the bourgeois pastimes of bridge and mah-jongg but in politics, bidding is not his style. The tiny (five-foot 11-inch) 74-year-old leader harried through a diplomatic routine in Southeast Asia last week, as he did in Japan last month with a calendar shot limited at why he already has been paged twice back home. For while he sought goodwill, he refused to cut off Chinese support for Communist guerrillas fighting in the area.

Teng's itinerary took him to Singapore, Thailand and Malaysia, which, along with the Philippines and Indonesia, comprise the Association of South-east Asian Nations (ASEAN). The group holds the balance of economic and political power in a region that lies close to the eye of the stormy relations between China and the Soviet Union. So, like other key parts of the world—Europe East and West, Japan and Indonesia—it has been caught up in the whirlwind swirling of the two superpowers.

By sending Teng, its top globe-trotting diplomat, to ASEAN, Peking showed how much it wants to keep that center

Teng Zhen, 80, Thai PM Chuan-lee and the eye of the storm office on Southeast Asia.



at least on talking terms, and all he really tried to do was warn against "harmfulness," the new buzzword for Soviet expansion in Asia. But his boss, not entirely reassured that the Soviets were the only threat, wanted assurances that China would stop supporting Communist guerrillas, who have killed 100 policemen in Thailand over the past eight months and have also been active in Malaysia. That, Teng would not concede. Peking, he said flatly, could not "change its principles." If it did, he might have added, it would lose face (and gain) to the Soviets.

Teng was wary forthcoming about the 12 million Chinese nationals living in ASEAN countries, who his hosts fear could become a powerful front for Peking-directed subversion. But that was not enough to persuade them to come down on China's side.

Teng's ASEAN trip was the latest in a dizzying series of foreign policy moves by China's leaders that so far this year has led to the establishment of formal ties with the European Economic Community; direct deliveries to some of the more remote Soviet islands in Eastern Europe; the signature, in outraged eyes from the Kremlin, of a peace treaty with Japan; trade and military hardware talks with, among others, the U.S., Britain and West Germany; and a discreet comeback to a counterfactual to the Soviets in some parts of black Africa.

But it is China's warm relationship with Japan that is the most striking example of its new, outgoing outlook. Along with the peace treaty went a trade agreement that opens Japan's \$10 billion export market at a time of growing protectionism and assures China of the technology it badly needs for an ambitious development program—plus a market for its coal and oil.

So it was scarcely a surprise, last month, that Teng got a big welcome in Tokyo where he charmed the local citizenry and chatted with Emperor Hirohito. To be sure there were a couple of hiccups—when Teng paid a personal call on former premier Kakuei Tanaka, carelessly weathering a court case over government payoffs, and when he ignored his routine "harmfulness" warning (his hosts have some lucrative trade agreements with the Soviets which they don't want to lose).

But over-all the visit was a success that marked yet another big stride toward China's ultimate goal: the construction of a diplomatic fence right around the Soviet Union. Soon, it seems, Peking may feel that it is time to launch another go at potentially the biggest picket of all—the United States. And when it does, Teng will almost certainly be taking a hand. Michael Chabon



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Gentleman Jacques gives the gendarmes the go-by



The handful of hard-rock passengers and Portuguese warblers in the faded apartments at 12 Impasse Charles-Albert in Paris' tawny 19th arrondissement noticed at once that their new ground-floor neighbors "Monsieur Lenoir" was a man of the ordinary. "He was no chattering, no kind and well-educated," recalls another two-dance Huguette Reynard wistfully. "I knew right away he wasn't one of us." Last week, amid a flurry of headlines, she and her fellow tenants learned that the tall, handsome Lenoir was none other than escaped convict Jacques Mesrine, 43, France's celebrity-criminal Charles-Pierre Royer No. 1, who had just pulled off another showman's turn, this time in his new self-styled incarnation as the French Robin Hood.

Slipping past two police guards, and armed with a red wig and phony Ministry of Justice papers, Mesrine forced his way into the apartment of Judge Charles Petit, who had sentenced him to 30 years for armed robbery before his spectacular leap over the 40-foot wall of Paris' Saint-Louis prison last May. But, felled by the judge's silence and a covert call he was told made to police, he managed to climb to safety just as the gendarmes rushed in, leaving them to scrop up a

comedian-prince, his hair, mustache, complexion Jean-Luc Depp, who led them to a string of Mesrine's Parisian pads—dorm.

At the Impasse Charles-Albert address last May, after snatching a staggering cache of arms, bulletproof vests, gas masks and electronic equipment, as well as 50 different forged identity papers which revealed that Mesrine had spent the last months jetting freely between London, Luxembourg and Nigeria, aided by a following of adoring females who have helped transform him from an obscure small-time crook into a national anti-hero in the tradition of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Mesrine has turned evasion into an art ever since his first jailbreak out of Quebec's St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary six years ago after kidnapping Montreal industrialist Georges Deslauriers. The son of a French embroidery trader, he had studied architecture before being drafted into the army, where he emerged from the Algerian war decorated for bravery—and unable to adjust to the mundanities of peace.

He finally surfaced in Corsica, where he is still wanted on suspicion of murdering two forest rangers after a second prison escape. Recaptured in France, he

polled a gun in open court and beheaded off with the judge as a hostage. Arrested again a year later, he stayed long enough behind bars to write his 330-page memoirs, *The Death Patrol*, published last June by Albin Michel's Montreal-based Editions International, aimed to coincide with Mesrine's career tally essay from the Saint.

That scribble proved so embarrassing that French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing personally ordered a shakeup of the penal system. But within a month, Mesrine had held up the elegant statue of Deslauriers for \$50,000, stopping to call in at the local police precinct first (where he went unopposed) and then to the newspaper to make a cheeky announcement to the employees under his gun: "The Mesrine I guess you've heard about me."

Last summer he announced freedom journalist Isabelle de Wagon, 20, to his widow. Then he greeted her with a revolver in one hand and a champagne bottle in the other, chatted about his exploits, snatching out certain of his police adversaries for special prizes, and whipped up a riot of luncheonists, complete with the de dejeuner grille alive.

Paris Match publisher Daniel Filippenko has since been indicted for publishing the thornier interviews. But last week, following his getting, Mesrine again erupted into public print to defend his twisted hero in an open letter to the left that Paris daily *Le Monde*, he advised police of trying to "seize him," protesting that he had not meant to kidnap Judge Petit but, merely, to persuade him to join his crusade to abolish maximum security wings in French prisons. The next day, when police charged the Wagon (who had since shared Mesrine's chief defense attorney) with complicity in glorifying a crime and turning over a part of her interview file to him, he dashed off another note to *Le Monde* badly defending her journalistic integrity and apologizing for not being able to notify the author in person.

That seemed to be that, for the moment. But the French authorities are unlikely to have heard the last of him. After Jean-Paul Belmondo has just bought the movie rights to his first book for \$100,000 and a second volume is reported due before year's end. Some suspect Mesrine will try to rejoin his Canadian girl-friend, Joyce Dorena, who was deported from France last summer after a prison term. But others doubt that he could stand to abandon his and public, and therein lies the only consolation for the police. "His luck is bound to run out someday," one beleaguered officer. "It's because a prisoner of his own design."

Marcel McDonald

Death of a diplomat: making the connections

The complex web of intrigue surrounding the murder of former Chilean ambassador to the U.S. Orlando Letelier extended its threads last week to include assassination plots in Italy and Argentina. As the tale slowly unfolds, it appears that the assassination of at least three world-class assassins, possibly including a Chilean President Augusto Pinochet, and although there is nothing the American authorities can do legally about residents in other countries, the information strengthens their case to have General Juan Manuel Contreras—former head of the Chilean secret police (DINA)—extradited to stand trial in Washington for the 1976 Letelier assassination.

The latest revelations came from Michael Vernon Towley, the government's star witness. Although American-born, Towley grew up in Chile and became one of DINA's most trusted agents. He had pleaded guilty in Washington to conspiring to murder Letelier, had admitted to building the bomb that exploded under Letelier's car, and has become the government's main source of information ever since his plea bargain was accepted by officials earlier this year.

Towley says Contreras was involved in the 1974 murder of exiled Chilean General Carlos Prats in Argentina. Prats and his wife died in Buenos Aires when, as with Letelier, a bomb detonated under their car. Towley also says that the former secret police chief ordered the October, 1975, slaying of Christian

Democrat politician Bernardo Leighton on Route 140 and his wife were wounded. Both Prats and Leighton were outspoken critics of the Chilean junta.

The U.S. government has asked Santiago to send Contreras and two other top DINA officials—Colonel Pedro Espinoza, former DINA director of operations, and Armando Fernandez, a Chilean army captain—in the Washington for trial. Espinoza is charged with having supervised the Letelier assassination, while Fernandez has been indicted for co-ordinating the bombing with Towley and five specially recruited Cuban ex-



Towley (left), Letelier and the exploded car in which he died: the web at government stands to the top of Chile's assassination

iles. Three of the Cubans go on trial in Washington in January, while the other two remain fugitives.

The Chilean Supreme Court, which has been meeting in secret, is unlikely to make a decision about extradition until that trial begins. Meanwhile, it has before it more than 600 pages of "eyewitness" evidence sent by the U.S. authorities to back their request. Primarily based on Towley's testimony, the evidence details the links between Letelier and the car bombing in which Letelier and his young American assistant Berna Madariaga were killed.

Error that, however, may not be sufficient for Contreras to be sent to Washington to face trial. The reason is that if he were, the repercussions for Pinochet could be disastrous. It is well known that Contreras was Pinochet's right-hand man and that the two met for breakfast nearly every day until Letelier's murder, so anything the one did the other is likely to have known about. And the fear in Santiago—which is desperately trying to improve the country's ailing and economic standing—is that any conviction before Pinochet and the Letelier murder could push Capitol Hill to forbid private firms to have already cut off most other means of aid.

Meanwhile, Contreras' under 5000 arrest in Chile, is making some accusations of his own. He has told Chilean journalists that the CIA and U.S. ambassador to Chile George Landau were involved in the Letelier murder. He says that Towley "was an agent, but not DINA's." This, in turn, has brought a terse reply from prosecutors in the Washington hearings: "There is absolutely no evidence whatsoever that the Central Intelligence Agency had either advance knowledge of, or participated in, the Letelier assassination," they said. "While it might be interesting to conduct a query memorandum to look for founded charges at the CIA, there is not the slightest scintilla of evidence to indicate CIA involvement in our knowledge of the matter." Catherine Fox



He won't give up—unless the U.S. gives up on him

The threatening deadline is fast approaching: Nicaragua's beleaguered dictator doesn't resign this week. Venezuela says it will cut off vital oil supplies. Opposition parties threaten to launch a crippling national strike—the third this year. And the popular Sandinista guerrillas promise a repetition of last September's bloody uprising which left 3,800 dead. But even as the

A routdown for Somoza, Sandinista guerrillas (bottom left). National Guard troops: even the U.S. is now hunting the war



screens were being tightened last week by a diversity of high-powered enemies at home and abroad, an isolated, angry Anastasio Somoza was stubbornly clinging to the presidency his family has dominated with brute force for more than 40 years. As opposition leader Benito Adorno Marín says, "He won't give up that easily."

Indeed, with the collapse of a six-week mediation effort led by the United States, the Broad Opposition Front—a coalition of 14 anti-Somoza groups—is looking to President Jimmy Carter as

the only one who can force Somoza to resign without many bloodshed. So far the U.S. has done everything possible to get rid of the dictator without actually pushing him out. It has cut off all military and economic help, including a \$118-million loan to the almost bankrupt regime for food and rural education next year. It also set a potentially dangerous precedent when it prepared the Interdiction Monetary Fund to postpone \$50 million in credit even though Nicaragua had a right to the money. And one opposition leader "Everyone is now sitting back waiting to see what Washington will do. The U.S. can hardly call itself a superpower if it fails against a tiny Central American dictator."

But while Carter is determined to help establish a government that has "the full support of the Nicaraguan people," there is not much more he can do short of military intervention—and that's a path he's unlikely to take even though, essentially, the Somoza dynasty was originally set up by U.S. marines. For years the Somoza family supported U.S. power moves in Latin America, acting as a sort of swaggering "proconsul" to keep neighbors such as Guatemala and the Dominican Republic in line. That relationship proved to be an uncomfortable fit for Carter, however. He could not ignore the repeated protests of Nicaraguans against the abuses of human rights committed by Somoza's notorious, American-trained National Guard.

So Somoza is no longer an asset. But a victory by left-leaning guerrillas in Nicaragua could have an unsettling effect on the delicate political balance of several other Latin American regimes—including Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador and Colombia—that are already threatened by budding guerrilla movements.

While the U.S. agonizes over tactics, however, the Sandinistas—a tenacious, peasant-based movement that has been fighting the regime since 1962—are actively recruiting for the next wave of violence. And a brazen Somoza, swiftly blind to the long lines of Nicaraguans waiting for rice, vitamins, is more than ready to get his National Guard—now armed with sophisticated Israeli weapons and doubled to 25,000—against the badly equipped insurgents. Showing how well aware he is of the American dilemma, Somoza last week warned "The internal situation here has become international—and if mistakes are made it will become an international conflict." *Angela Peraza*



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Getty, the former Edmonton Radicals quarterback. "Nobody talks politics—just heroes."

British actor David Niven got a chance to replay his past last week while in Montreal shooting *A Man Called Intrepid*—both a mini-TV series and a movie. Niven, who'll play the title role of Sir William Stephenson (Winston Churchill's secret enemy and the chief of British Security Coordination during the Second World War), had an honorable military career in his own right. Having made his film debut with *Barbery Castle* in 1935, Niven, now 89, became the first Hollywood star to enlist in 1939, and by 1944 had been elevated to colonel. "The first time I met Churchill was at a dinner party," reflected Niven, an old raconteur as he is a durable actor. "He recognized me from the movies and said, 'Young man that was a magnificent thing you did giving up your film career to fight for King and country.' I replied, 'No, sir, it was nothing.' To which he replied, 'Good you, and you not done so, it would have been despicable.'"

After a private meeting with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa last week, the *Age* knew, the 64th direct descendant of Mohammed and the stepson of Kate Heyworth, flew to Vancouver where he attended his first public dinner reception on his cross-country tour of Canada. Accompanied by his wife, Begum Salima, Khos, the 43-year-old multimillionaire and spiritual leader of the world's 15 million Ismaili Muslims, was twined in a formal evening dinner and surrounded by Matt Kinney's

Age Khos and Begum Salima, celebrating the day of grape juice and roses.



PitzGerald: cock's tour for 30

the party at her Toronto home. "It was like opening night, except that we invited the media!"

As a man who has spent the last seven years following the federal government, Alberta's energy minister, Don Getty, hasn't been all that familiar with the frank of mystery. Which perhaps explains why Getty "almost drove off the road" when his car broke down. When he and his four co-workers were two-hour winners they Prince paid \$6 to 1 and *Disco's Week* 14 to 1. Recently at Calgary's Stampede Park. Since Getty will retire from politics next year, it won't be surprising if he becomes a member of the backstretch irregulars. "I can relax there," said

Thomson, for whom the wind blows

hard, a local group whose talents are usually reserved for her materials and wackiness. Although those flows for Canadian politicians and reporters, the Masonic injunction against alcohol was respected, the celebratory speaker's son, thinking the "diplomatic corps" for coming, was made with grape juice.

Like father, like daughter. They both have blonde hair and they both look to the ice, but when eight-year-old Michelle Hall, daughter of the recently retired Winnipeg Jet Bobby Hall, dons the blades, she checks her slaphat at the gate. Unlike her four brothers, Bob Jr., 17, Blake, 16, Brett, 16, and Bart, 4, who are following in their father's hockey-playing footsteps, Michelle is a figure skater. Having been instructed since the summer by Vancouver's Linda Brauckmann, who coached Karen Macdonald in the Canadian figure skating team, Michelle is preparing for the B.C. coast championships Nov. 24-26 at Vancouver's North Shore Winter Club. Asked whether the Hall's have another superstar up and coming in the family, Brauckmann said, "She has got a good build and is very strong, but considering her background I'm surprised she doesn't skate better."

And now, the weather from John Thomson. "It's time again, the winter said, and possibly the best, to speak of weather in B.C., the future and the past. A frontal system sliding south is troubling on the coast, its dark clouds over southern areas with rain along the coast." In an attempt to make light of Vancouver's heavy winter weather (48 inches of precipitation all on greater Vancouver from October to



Felicity Thomson, a 35-year-old meteorologist at Environment Canada, decided to start throwing his reports. Al-

lying the Vancouver coast.



though they added a bright spot to many a cloudy day, the self-appointed poet soon ran afoul of his superiors and was recently transferred to assist in reporting. "They weren't thrilled with it," said Thomson. "I don't know when I'll be back." Oh well, best today. Goes tomorrow.

While in Canada to shoot the movie *The Shape of Things to Come*, 36-year-old actress Carol Layley (*Party Line* in *Missing*, *The Poseidon Adventure*) is trying to do as the natives do. Since most of her scenes have been filmed outdoors in a frosty quarry on the back lot of Rialto Studios north of Toronto, Layley's main preoccupation has been with staying warm. "I jump around a lot." A bear for punishment, she has spent some of her free time ice skating. "I first skated as a kid when my ballet teacher gave me a pair of skates to prepare me for pointe shoes," said Layley. "I started again a few weeks ago and although I can still do it, I figured I might as well take a few lessons while I'm here in Canada."

Edited by Jane O'Brien



Business

A long Bay day in dark November

The seats in the Hudson's Bay Co.'s historic Toronto boardroom were still warm from the stirring day last September when the Bay took Sengal's bid. President Joseph Sengal's bid and bought 66 per cent of his company. Bay had still to be installed as a director late last week, however, when at its close on the evening of Nov. 16 the company's directors, hastily informed only 48 hours before to maintain the utmost secrecy, gathered again.

As Jack Barrow, soon-to-retire chairman of the board of U.S.-controlled Simpson's-Sears Ltd., named the Royal Winter Fair contemplating the Foreign Investment Review Agency's possible answers to his own bid for purchase Simpson's, Ltd. last August, the Bay's directors reached a consensus. Early Friday morning, with Barrow about to step as a Sears company just for a few days in Florida and Simpson's Chairman Allan Burton recovering from the news telephoned to him only moments earlier, the announcement was made: the Bay would pay a minimum of \$316 million for Simpson's 47 million shares.

But all the secrecy and haste, the Bay has been considering the move since

1928. "I've looked at the possibility at least another half a dozen times in the last 10 years," President Donald McGovern says. "I've always looked for a new property." If accepted by 66 per cent of Simpson's shareholders, the merger would put McGovern at the controls of the country's largest, most perfect retailing dream: 62 Bay stores for strong Western presence, 21 Simpson's stores mainly in the East, sales over \$2 billion and a merchandise base as wide as Simpson's carriage trade overseas and Sengal's discount garden hose are different.

If it works, McGovern will wield control of Simpson's from a major American competitor, just as C. E. Burton, the father of currently besieged Allan Burton, did when he bought the Robert Simpson Co. in 1959. Ironically, McGovern will then own an immensely responsible asset as one end of the nearly completed Toronto Bloor Centre—which McGovern's former employer built in part to drive trade away from the Bay.

Working on McGovern's favor is the Foreign Investment Review Agency's stringent examination of the Simpson's-Sengal-Sears merger, even the thought of which has a number of ana-

lysis crying out for tougher Canadian anti-trust laws. By week's end, an executive of all three companies really emerged from day-long strategy sessions. FIRA's Commissioner Gonsu Howarth allowed that the Bay case was "an additional possibility that Simpson's might remain under Canadian ownership and control." For the first time in four days, Donald McGovern could relax and smile to himself at the thought of Simpson's executives settling in to a working weekend. One of them was Jack Barrow. "I work," he sighed, "I was down on the beach in Florida."

Len Berman

On the streets where you give

All that you do... should be done as an offering unto me.—Matthew 23:23

Take me into the window to the mesmerizing sound of recorded chanting, and a devotee is heard to say where one can buy "really good dress pants." Varnakarna (also Robert Herbert, a Hamilton Roman Catholic), 31, president of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON) for the last three years and a devotee for the last eight, glances at his gold Rolex watch. He has two hours left to fulfil the daily task of repeating his mantras 1,728 times. But how does a devotee of Krishna, the all-attractive personality of godhead for whom one tries to be passively selfless, come by the

material burden of a watch? "A devotee gives it to me," Varnakarna/Herbert shrugs. "He would be insulted if I didn't wear it. Besides, I have four others."

Acoustic, clad in saffron robes, about big as a pigtail (by which Krishna can yank them up to heaven) and reviled for dunking and chanting at street corners across Canada, the Hare Krishna sect on what many Westerners consider the furthest edge of religious wilderness. Maybe Canada's 500 devotees also at a Canadian property empire worth (by their own estimate) \$2 million in temples, 100 acres of land near Montreal, and a state of businesses. Less willing of capitalists, they farm meat, eggs, fish, ponding, dirt, mountains, and all one uses the premeditated variety. But their guru, highly respected lifestyle, filled mainly by prayer, but proscribes bills of \$6,500 a month in Toronto alone for food, upkeep and the mortgage payments in a \$400,000 downtown temple. So devotees, public books and restaurants, school donations, run a health food restaurant and an income factory, as well as profitable Gopinath Candies Ltd., with annual sales of \$250,000.

But the largest chunk of Krishna's, earthly Canadian riches comes from donations and the distribution of the writings and translations of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, purportedly a direct descendant of Krishna and the man who spurred all the noise from a small storefront in New York's Greenwich Village in 1966 after emigrating from India with 81 in his dharti. His Divine Grace "left this planet" last year, but

Arabian knights to the rescue

For more than two years the port of refinery at the Newfoundland village of Come By Grace has stood as a silent backstage member of Joey Sheehy's development philosophy built a the early 70s by entrepreneur John Sheehy. A Hamilton New York who moved the Queen Elizabeth II to form

John Sheehy: there will be no party



left behind 60 volumes—distribution of which will gross Krishna \$300,000 of year in Canada and \$25 million worldwide. Book distribution in Varnakarna's

hundreds of temples to his new life, and it was to have been Joey's industrial flagship, the major supplier of gasoline and oil for Eastern Canada. Instead the port never rose above its controversial beginnings over colonial matters and to protest Newfoundland's deal with Sheehy, even as much as 80 per cent capacity and finally closed in a large of doubt. Sheehy now has more 400 people out of work.

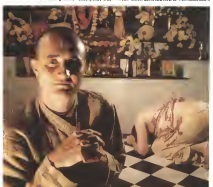
How it looks as though Joey's dream is to be taken out of the land and near the refinery was bought for \$215 million by a Luxembourg-based company controlled by wealthy Middle Eastern investors and the plant (Foreign Investment Review Agency) which should be completed in two years. The purchase by First Arabian Co. (a former of 77 per cent of the Bank of Commonwealth of Ireland) is likely the last and Arab investment in Canada and will no doubt be a joy for the first two mortgage holders (including a group of British banks) and the Newfoundland government which has a second mortgage of \$45 million (including the interest). It is still not known, however, if the unsecured creditors owed a total of \$400 million will ever see any of their money. But if a Sheehy who is really leaving. A bid by Sheehy affiliate Nova-Whitcomb Ltd. lost out to First Arabian. Sheehy's a Sheehy official. "It's a pity. The better bid was not accepted. We will contest it at every level."

Angela Ferrante

main aim in his current life, and he sends the money he collects directly to Krishna publishing headquarters in Los Angeles to cover the services for the cost of production. He would like to distribute more books, but the public doesn't read well even to be aware of devotees in evolving dress, and the shortfall comes from the donations of devotees and the 2,000 Hindus they service in their temples.

Back in Butra in such a devotee. The 35-year-old Hindu was, until two weeks ago, a manager at Home Insurance Co.'s Toronto office, but has quit to manage the candle factory and thereby devote more time to Krishna. As Krishna suggests—there is no coercion—Butra doesn't take his salary in the movement. As His Divine Grace's personal request in 1972, he also guaranteed the \$30,000 first mortgage and the \$60,000 second mortgage on the Toronto temple, held by the Bank of Montreal. With temples in Ottawa, Calgary and Edmonton still not self-supporting, and the number of new devotees reportedly as the decline, could mortgage payments on the church worth (by some estimates) \$700,000 be missed? Butra says no. "If

Varnakarna, one of 300 Hare Krishnas in Canada, \$2 million in property



Finding a friend under the big top: is there any other way to fly?

By Roderick McQueen

A year ago, a group composed of parliamentarians, business and academics gathered to discuss that season's hot topic: the consumer society. The session, sponsored by the Ministry of State for Science and Technology, was assembled to make everyone feel part of the country's policy process. A few hours, it became clear that most of the non-government attendees wanted the government to do something to take the load, be interventionist. Finally, recalls

a participant, a senior federal official stayed quiet; no longer, rose to his feet; and made an impassioned plea that such demands end. "We're responsible," he told them. "Don't ask the government to do what it cannot!"

Ottawa had swung some distance from the 1975 sea-sand meetings of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who said "Government is going to take a larger role in meeting its obligations even after controls are ended." It means there is going to be no less authority in our lives but perhaps more.

And six months later, in the August, 1976, issue of *Forbes* "In the same week that the bankers were complaining that I was interfering in the market system, there was a group of bankers equipping us to change the Bank Act to give them much greater protection." Both statements argued business and not the public service. A bank chairman lamented at the time about the restrictions that would Ottawa "Their attitude is: You speak. What do you want this time?"

But a nerve had been fingered in the corporate body. While it loves the idea of government (dependable loans, health, protective benefit wells, trade unions, business decisions the other half [environmental standards, and laws, regulation, statistical reports]) some things have changed in the intervening years, but those two business men aren't. Last summer, the Ford Motor Co. of Canada pulled forwardly and successfully for a \$68-million grant from the Ontario and federal govern-

ments to have an engine plant in Windsor, Ontario. While General Motors Corp. claims it wouldn't actively seek such intervention, its chairman, V. S. Murphy, admitted last week in Toronto that he'd actually be considered "We're human," he said.

While that same nerve remains a jagged tooth, other wounds are healing. Some of the cuts come from taxes and new voices such as the Business Council on National Issues: some come from business-government studies similar to one by publisher Roy MacLure, the

born to strengthen the private sector without government interference. "But if I got the words in April, business got the goods last week."

They include continuing restraint, cuts in manufacturers' sales tax, research and development incentives, breaks for land developers, meeting, pulp and paper, transportation, cuts in unemployment insurance rates, improved investment tax credits. Said one finance department official: "There is now a firm feeling reflected in policy that it is the private sector that creates the jobs."

With all that was headed business, however, it was not the last of the big-time surrenders. The too-rigid status of income deductions and preferred shares, increasingly used by banks and financial institutions to finance corporate ventures (and reduce tax rates from about 45 per cent to less than 35 per cent over two years) has been ended. Provincial and federal governments had been losing an estimated \$500 million in annual revenue.

"That change is wrong, wrong," said Chamber of Commerce Executive Director Sam Hughes, but called the rest of the budget "reasonable." The chamber regards the mild stimulation chosen as a good thing. "Excessive stimulation would have set the course of Canada back years," says Hughes. Response from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was equally positive. Says President John Bellman: "The [April] budget recognized where the country had to go to get back on its feet. In this budget, it has been furthered." Three years ago, the high-cost set formed last week would have been impossible, but today the new partnership is one of political expedience and practical experience.

The pairing of private sector vigor and public policy vision is not new in Canada's mixed economy, but it's a career act that's been going up too long. At worst, the lightbulb is flickering and might disappear, at such close quarters, a wrong foot could close a long fall. The audience awaits the performance.



they needed the money, I would pay off the rest of the mortgage." As for Vinakarna, waiting is No temporal form to be whined by the hair to most Krishna, the prophet doesn't worry him. "Money always comes in from Krishna," he insists. "He provides everything. It all belongs to him anyway." — Jon Brown

Can you start with nothing?

Can money from alchemy to casino, from lottery to leverage, the search remains constant, the success less sure. And always there's some magic, a secret for the sharing, a system for sale. Long after the last system, the week market is the stage for the latest performer playing to rapt audiences. A book, *The Profit-Poker*, by former-Ed Ottawa teacher Don Abrams, has sold 5,000 copies in a month and last week Ontario publisher Dennis Demco ordered another 5,000 printed, expecting 20,000 sold at \$9.95 each by Christmas (in Canada, \$100 is a best-seller). Although the system, used to double your money in six months or less whether the market moves up or down, was developed by Abrams over 10 years, it's in the last 18 months he's discarded other systems and written the book, all the while advertising past results. "I lost \$10,000 one year as a commodities trader. A lot of money for a teacher." The complex system involves corporate bonds, convertible bonds, margin shares. It demands volatile prices, margin buying, good selling. And time. He says five hours will master the system, an hour will set it up, half an hour a week will maintain it. One broker 24-hour with its agents "eventless hours" are required.

Further, two brokers he dealt with earlier in the 1970s don't recall great success. Says one "I guess he made some money with it. Whether the average guy can do it, I don't know." Says the other "It sort of works and sort of doesn't. There may be some money (for those) who have the dexterity." Accurate judgments are hard because Abrams will not say how much he has made. The one example in the book, showing that an investment of \$484.92 made \$163.75 in five and a half months, occurred in 1975 when commission and margin costs were lower. The, from 1974 to 1975 he ran a "secret trading" system with Merrill Lynch, Royal Securities Ltd. in Ottawa, as "secret trading" that ended with a lawsuit brought by Abrams. It was settled out of court,

with an undisclosed amount paid by the firm. Since then, however, it has been the profit-taker all the way, but it hasn't changed his lifestyle much. He moved from a two-room to a duplex last year and recently traded his 1974 for a 1977 Thunderbird. While his Ottawa broker, Vivienne Weidner, of Nesbitt, Thomson Borsard Inc. will not confirm or deny that Abrams' money has doubled every six months since he began dealing with her 18 months ago, her first personal attempt yielded something less than the book promises,

bringing a one-third increase in 36 months.

The best part of the system may be in the trading. He'll get \$52,885 in royalties on 20,000 copies and plans to pile it all into his strategy, becoming a millionaire sometime in 1981. "And I can say I shared the strategy, while it was still working," he says. "A lot of people don't write their book until they're made their million." Says his former broker: "All this in spite of you have a system of picking the right stock." Or writing the right book. — Roderick McQueen

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So, instead: When skiing, always carry a spare plane up or over a simple roll of black plastic tape. If you wrap a tape you can replace it, or at least tape it back in, and continue as if nothing had happened.

Get your life in shape. **Sun Life** of Canada

Alberta beats Alberta!

It was a uniquely Western final, but it was like the province 40. It wasn't played in the desert-like Taylor, Clarke, Calgary or Winnipeg stadiums, but in a modern complex which track and field hold. This time muffled applause rose in the wind from more than 43,000 pairs of viewers.

It was the first all-Alberta final—the first time that budding or fading dynasties in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, or upstarts from the east, had stepped aside and allowed the oil barons to straddle the 55-yard line. It was a historic meeting between the two western boom towns, but just a "fun and media frenzy" to Edmonton coach Hugh Campbell—see that scattered naught to the post in long underwear, determined to be the Western representative in this weekend's Grey Cup Game in Toronto.

Yet, in the shadow of easy old Clarke Stadium, near the so-called Saskatchewan River, the Stampeders and Eskimos met in the great tradition of Western football—in the footstep of Norvick Knepp and Jack Parker, Earl Lunsford and Don Lutz, Kerry Flinn and Leo Lewis—on a frozen field ringed with Hudson's Bay coats and to the stamping of snowmobile boots, the Eskimos won 38-35.

In a city that turned down a \$30-million, 60,000-seat stadium-convention-center-hockey-rink complex in those provincial pre-trade days, opting instead for a \$20-million open-air, wind-swept playing field this year's "Edmonton" on both sides of the 55-yard line, scattered stadium traditions. They played in a conference where fan loyalty is earned each season, etched on the scoreboard. Edmonton was home-field advantage ("We're in like a visiting team at CentreWest Stadium," says Campbell. "We're not even used to the wind here") by a single point.

The Eskimos were the team confident in their legacy. They had Tim Wilkerson, the apologetic and now elite quarterback who completed 66.6 per cent of his passes, moving absently toward another Scherby, Dave Penell, the conference's top defensive player, a



Smart success: Edmonton's Jim Sweeney scores Eskimos' second TD

lawyer who hangs out under the eaves of "The Death" of Edmonton's cradled named first four, and scoring leader Dave Cutler, who looks like a giant when not selling newspaper ads. And they played for a coach who admits: "We knew the cold weather is coming and we weren't with it in mind."

From down south came a team with only one player over 30 years of age, with a linebacker whose nose had just appeared in a "men's" magazine, and with a coach, Jack Gotta, who reacts to the game of "The Rules" with "The Italian 1 feel like I should play the 10th." The Stamps were last in the West in '97 and now were bundling up for the first with a blend of speed (Lance Sykes) and "I took a page from Sam Pollock's book," Gotta admits to his Canadian.

"You know these kids given with the metal in the fingers? I take the bangs out and wear them," Penell was saying. Cutler was saying the ball was "dead" in cold weather and Gotta was saying, "You know, on a day like this, kids are playing hockey on outdoor rinks across the country, for hours, and

thinking nothing of it."

But it came down to a violent tale ("They pay characterists for jumping up and down," Hugh Campbell) versus a city collective of draft classes and selective sacrifices from the National Football League ("Reggie Lewis and Ed McClellan gave us a defensive front, four of Alberta Refused"—Jack Gotta) and looking across the field were these two former team-mates, once equally glue-fingered receivers who now cut players over a hill they've long played and stare at the bottom line.

It came down to the crunch of snow underfoot and to Calgary's Gotta said "If this is a Chinese test it's left-handed."

And it was in an offhanded way that the young Stampeders lost. Twice they were drawn offside inside their own free-play line and gave up two touchdowns instead of two field goals. They showed their youth by taking two "tempo" penalties, penalizing the Eskimos with their game-winning march.

As the skies darkened, signs appeared reading, "Dear Calgary, take care of Alberta while we are in Toronto." And they would have to do just that.

Hal Quinn

Competing for what the future promises

It wasn't exactly a warm sunny California afternoon with 100,000 fans jammed into the stadium and millions more tuned in on the networks to watch two premier college teams do battle on the gridiron. The weather was cold, the numbers were smaller, but for the 10th annual Canadian College Bowl—the largest single college sports event in Canada—you really couldn't have asked for a better match-up.

In the end, more than 10,000 fans jammed Toronto's Varsity Stadium and cheered through a defensive battle as Queen's University Golden Gaels defeated University of British Columbia Thunderbirds 30-3.

For Queen's it was a perfect close to a perfect season. It was their first College Bowl appearance in eight years, the Gaels were the only undefeated team in the country in the Atlantic Conference semifinal held in Halifax, the Golden boys finished 8-1. Francis Xavier 32-14 thanks to the arrival of new members of quarterback Jack Ratto. Meanwhile, out on the west coast, the Thunderbirds earned their first trip to the national clinic when post Dan Bush completed 16 of 20 passes to earn the top-ranked Laurier and capture the Western semifinal.

The Canadian College Bowl, unlike many of the bowl north of the border, doesn't have a long-standing tradition behind it. It began in 1963 as an unofficial festivity between two outstanding teams selected by a national committee. But in 1967 the format was substantially revamped. The Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union (CIAU) announced that future winners of the College Bowl would play for the Vanier Cup and the CIAU championship.

Every year a group of Toronto business people organize a week of events designed to create a fever around the Bowl which climaxes with the game. The Scherby CIAU Football Awards at the Hotel Toronto highlighted a busy schedule. James Rago of Western captured the Mac Gregorian award as the most outstanding college football player in the country, while Eric's Frank Smith was named college coach of the year. Oship running back John Lowe was named rookie of the year, and Alberta's Dave Wilkes grabbed the trophy as lineman of the year. The Nott's all-Canadian players were announced and will represent Canada in the second annual Can Am Bowl (Jan. 4) in Tampa, Fla. Mark Ehrlich

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With a little help from their friends

Canadian gymnast Karen Kotsall placed sixth in her specialty at the World Gymnastics Championships in Strasbourg, France, this fall—when the head judge of the event was a Canadian. While the Canadian judge was off adjudicating something else, Kotsall dropped to 29th place.

Elke Behring placed 31st in the opening round of that competition—while being judged by an international panel. When a Canadian was judge, Elke vaulted into 11th place.

In the political arena that is international gymnastics, the proficiency of each country's bureaucrats counts for as much as the proficiency of the athletes. The Canadian team, struggling with government spending reforms, competes against well-heeled, ideological and often fanatical rivals as it creeps toward the top six for women and the top 10 for men.

Women's gymnastics has become almost the exclusive domain of Eastern bloc nations—Russia, Rumania, East Germany—the men's competition similarly, save for the pre-eminent of the Japanese. Added to these formidable opponents are the Americans and the emerging Chinese, now registered with the governing federation and awaiting the proper moment to display their reported excellence. Youngsters not dissuaded by the grueling physical and mental demands—three to four hours per day, six or seven days a week, 13 months

of the year—have now won respectability for Canadian gymnastics.

In the last few years, the Canadian women's team has made a rapid jump from 17th worldwide to this year's eighth ranking. The men stand at about 14th. The national gymnastics program



GARY WATSON

Canadian, Sherry Hawco and Owen Watson, years of practice and dreams.



GARY WATSON

is aimed at moving the women up to a solid seventh next year, sixth by the Moscow Olympics in 1990 and into medal range by 1994. The men expect to climb into the top 10 in the same period, with individual medal hopefuls on each team.

The years of practice and the dreams are judged, however, in that political arena where championships are won and lost by mouth of points. Carol Anne Leithner, a vice-president of the Canadian Gymnastics Federation (CGF) and the only Canadian on an International Gymnastics Federation (FIG) committee, was that Canadian judge at Strasbourg on two opportunities. "On those two, our kids finished high in the standings. It was not coincidental."

Dr. Bryce Taylor, president of the CGF explains, "If Iron Curtain athletes don't fare well at an international competition, it could mean the last trip abroad for those judges."

Canada's meagre representation at the judging table and, more importantly, on the FIG committees that dictate schedules, programs and rules, is a reflection of a meagre budget. "There is no planer in funding elections to committees, so we can't get sponsors," says Leithner. "Other judges recognize that if a country has the authority of committee representation, then that country's team must be good. That attitude is reflected in scores."

Another reflection of the manipulative world of gymnastics occurred at Strasbourg. Civil medical examiner at the championships, Dr. Robert Klein of Pease, said that women gymnasts from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe may be using a "break" drug to keep their joints soft like he is diagnosing patients. Klein suspects that the unknown drug acts on the pituitary gland and gives the smaller, lighter females a higher strength-to-weight ratio allowing them to perform their jumps or somersaults. Klein says that he has seen photos of a leading Soviet gymnast that show a steady regression of breast development during a four-year period.

Prior to the Strasbourg meet, officials from at least one Communist country sought assurances that there would be no drug testing at the meet before they would sign on their team. There were no tests. They were not rejected by FIG President Yuri Zhig, a former Soviet Union gymnast. The Communist bloc won 38 of the 63 medals awarded.

The Gymnastics Canada Fall tour, a tri-nation tour (Colony, Rumania, Toronto) ended last week. The Canadian team wound up in its predicted mid-range. The final meet's individual women's champion was Elena Gorbunova of the Soviet Union. She is less than five feet tall and weighs about 90 pounds. Elena Gorbunova is 17.

Hal Quinn

Warren Davis. Book page.



Warren Davis, national broadcaster.

"I started reading seriously when I was about seven years of age and by a process of osmosis found myself working as a page in the Toronto Public Library system when I was about eleven. And that gave me an opportunity not only to read but to find out what was available in a library and I worked there all through the later years of public school and high school. I had a love affair with books when I was in my teens. I loved reading in those years and lived a solitary, really solitary life."

"I read about two books a week, as well as a lot of journals, magazines and so on. Whenever I'm not engaged in my profession or when I'm not talking to someone, I read. While travelling, while eating in a restaurant, before going to bed at night, in the morning, every chance I get, I'm reading."

"Right now I'm reading Lady Chatterley's Lover which is possibly the most misunderstood book around. The

public attitude toward Lady Chatterley's Lover is that it is a kind of trashy, sexy novel. And it's really a beautifully written love story by a very moral man, and it tells you a great deal about sexual attitudes, social attitudes and political attitudes of the time. And it's a compellingly interesting book to read."

"I have a super edition on Shakespeare which was 'borrowed' from the British Embassy in Yugoslavia by a friend of mine who was a soldier in the German army."

"It is the complete works of Shakespeare that had been given to the British Government to the Yugoslavian Library and he is in capacity as a German soldier take the copy and gave it to me. Nice book."

"I hang around bookstores quite a bit. I like them. In fact, there was a W.H. Smith store downtown that I browsed

around over a period of about 20 to 30 years."

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W.H. Smith has made a donation to ParticipACTION thanks to Mr. Davis' participation in this advertisement.

Home, home on the Grange

Thanks to its gift shop and film program, the Art Gallery of Ontario has long seemed to be a haven for out-of-towners and well-heeled locals with nothing better to do with their afternoons than appreciate the Impressionists. Now, along with handcrafted jewelry and engagement calendars, the AGO is offering home movies.

"Autobiography: Film / Video / Photography," a current presentation at the gallery, is a survey of autobiographical work by North American artists. Although video screenings, dramatic performances, and photographs by Michael Snow and Robert Rauschenberg are part of the series continuing to Dec. 7,

Rita Rudin in "Grey Gardens," a treat in what the Mayans brothers did

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the most prominent feature in the more
than 50 movies chosen by Ian Brier,
head of the AGO's Media Programme,
and John Stuart Katz, associate
professor of film at York University. Last
winter, Brier proved that galleries
aren't what they used to be with
"American Melodrama," a series that
acknowledged the dramatic genius of
Douglas Sirk and Vincente Minnelli,
and showed that, for dopey, hapless
glamor, Lana Turner has never been
surpassed. With "Autobiography," the
gallery becomes a forum for movies
that fall short of the commercially ac-
ceptable feature length, and that other-
wise might never get shown. And, in-
stead of Leno, Rose Byrne is a star.

Byrne appears as herself in Rose's
Hollywood by her son Clay Aiden, in a
fearless woman making sure her kids
don't steal and her bandiers pay up,
gives a performance that was her best
screen performance at the 1997 Cana-
dian Film Awards. The film, recently
awarded a Silver Hugo at the Chicago
International Film Festival, portrays
the life of co-Maritimes in Toronto's
Cabbagetoons in gritty documentary
style that details, such as the career of
and molasses that grace the kitchen ta-

Rose Byrne and her change in "Rose's
Hollywood," don't play the woman cheap



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ble, second best for the movie's impact than Rose herself, her every gesture warns you not to play her cheap. Turning a pack of Belvedere into the pocket of her fake fur as she prepares to visit a son who has been arrested, she seduces the camera with a self-awareness that makes Gloria Jackson seem tentative.

During a post-screening discussion with the film-maker, a man in the audience admits some difficulty in responding to the movie: "It's hard to orient somebody's mother," that, unlike many of the other movies being on at the AGO, *Rose's House* is at least scripted, its raw, intimate edges further smoothed by the fact that not all the characters play themselves.

Making is reminiscent in *The end Men* in which New York artist Mark Cohen turns the camera on herself and her father—a man who had frightened her with his sexual advances just as he represented her with his self-made success. A few months after they started shooting, he learned he had cancer. Watching Rose feel the tension on her father's thigh or watching a 165-pound woman whose face looks like death had already got at the film *David's* life and *Other American* you wonder how much reality audiences can bear.

At the beginning of *David Holmes's* *Diary*, made in 1967 by Jim McBratne, the hero looks into the camera and says: "Objects, people, events, seem to speak to me. They seem to carry some meaning that I can't quite get. My life, though ordinary enough, seems to brand me—in secret ways." Even before the end of the film when we learn that David Holmes is actor Ken Carson, the film seems a genuine take on the kind of self-absorption for which the '70s are often chastised. However, words such as exhibitionism and self-indulgence evaporate in the face of avant-garde pioneer Stan Brakhage's *Serenity III* and *Daughters*. The films, both of which had world premieres at the AGO, mesmerize with meticulously crafted, beautiful images.

Autobiographical films demand a faith in their makers. One has to trust that Edith Beale and her daughter Bibi, the subjects of Albert and David Magriel's *Grey Gardens*, knew what they were doing when they decided to show the world their mother's flesh and constant, if witty, bickering. Secretmen, as in *Nahaneemawon* by Martin Scorsese (*Mean Streets*, *Taxi Driver*), the private glimpse he took a warm glow that the director's motives could only be healthy. In a broken pattern with overblown tongue-in-cheek which so art director would ever dream of, Catherine Scorsese faces her son's camera and readily demonstrates her range for (spagetti) sauce. David Livingston

Archaeology

The mud above, the dig below

It has been called "the Pompeii of the New World." For for that, the archaeology students who work year-round in the mud at Ouzie, a 2,000-year-old Malak Indian village on the coast of Washington state, prefer to call Pompeii "the Ouzie of the Old World."

Unlike Pompeii, Ouzie did not end in red hot ashes and lava, but in deep blue clay that slid down over its houses, preserving them and their contents almost perfectly—a rare occurrence on the murky Pacific coast. However calm and academic his manner, Richard Daugherty, the director of the Ouzie Archaeological Expedition and a professor of archaeology at Washington State University, gets carried away when he speaks of Ouzie. "There is no other site like it in

the world," he says. "We think that between 400 and 500 years ago a large mudslide hit these houses and there



Richard Daugherty, the dig's director. "There's no site like it in the world."

have been more since. The skeletons we found show that people were sleeping—

a litter of puppets was pulled against their mother—so it truly occurred at night. The catastrophe hit suddenly, apparently without warning—and it has all been preserved."

Ouzie is not only unique for its archaeological perfection. In an area where the native population is suspicious of the proceedings of archaeologists and archaeologists, Daugherty and the Malak natives have developed a relationship of trust. All artifacts will be kept by the Malak, who have at most finished preparing a museum to house them and to show younger generations (and visitors) how the Malak used to live. In fact, it was the Malak themselves who asked Daugherty to begin the dig in 1971 after a severe storm washed away what he thought was a recent dig. He soon realized that the preserved vegetable material he had found was undoubted evidence of the lives and material culture of the Malak—a first in the archaeology of the Pacific Northwest and, indeed, in the Americas.

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The Makah are a Nootkan-speaking people who emigrated from Vancouver Island to the northwest corner of Washington's Olympic Peninsula some 15 miles south of Cape Plattery, and the Makah still lived there as late as 1910 when the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs had them moved closer to the only reservation school at Neah Bay. The village marked the point where migrating fur whales pass closest to the Pacific shore and the Makah (like the Nootkan) were whalers, hunting them from canoes using harpoons fashioned from mussel shells for the kill. Gwede is littered with whale bones. Their meat was eaten, their blubber rendered, and large bones were used to reinforce drainage ditches meant to protect the village from washovers—obviously with little success. Living right on the sea coast, hunting

Absorbed student on muddy site: meal of excavation was with water from pressure hoses. (Inset) Typical Gwede artifact

and food gathering were relatively easy for the Makah, life was not simply a matter of survival. The culture was a rich one, as are other Pacific Northwest Indian cultures, the artifacts at Gwede reveal a high degree of artistic accomplishment.

Among the 30,000 or so artifacts found so far (assistant director Paul Gleason says that even 300 yards farther down the beach the soil would not have preserved them) are finely carved cloths of wood and whalebone, wooden bowls, baskets, nets, masks, canoes, bows, looms and paddles. A large effigy of a whale fin carved out of cedar and studded with sea otter teeth is very similar to one in a sketch (dated 1778) of the

interior of a Nootkan house on Vancouver Island, by John Webber. Captain Cook's secret Steel Indian was observed at a level that precluded contact with whalers, confirming that the coast Indians already had access to metal, though nobody knows where they found it.

The longhouses themselves (three have been dug out so far) probably do not look much different from those sketched by Webber. They were built of cedar planks lashed to uprights, approximately 40 feet by 30 inside were sleeping platforms—20 to 40 people lived in such houses—and cooking areas, both individual and group. Dead animals and crew won't disturb the skeletons that they found out of deference to the Makah, who still remember the names of people lost to the coast's perils.

"In my case," says Gleason, "from a researcher's point of view, very little can be learned from skeletons in comparison with the other materials that have been found." Uncovering such wealth has meant developing new techniques of excavation. Though trowels, shovels and brushes are still useful, most of the excavation has been done with water forced from pressure hoses. "It's too easy to break a fragile piece of wood with a trowel," says Gleason.

One could flip a coin as to whether the dig has been more important for the archaeologists concerned or for the Makah. "It has probably had more impact on cultural pride than anything we've ever done," says tribal councillor Mary Jo Butterfield. "The best thing is that it is the younger people who have become involved, learning to run the museum, making replicas, developing a new sense of pride. It has flowed over into the community." Makah people have helped excavate, are learning the techniques of conserving artifacts—and it is they who will run the museum.

The Makah believe the museum is essential if their heritage, uncovered at Gwede, is to have any meaning, any lasting effect. They've had some help—two-thirds of the \$2-million funding came from the U.S. government and the display area was designed by Jean Andre, chief of design of the British Columbia Provincial Museum. But most of the work—building the showcases, the longhouses, the whaling canoes, and replicas of artifacts that can be handled by the public—has been done solely by the Makah. It is a matter of self-congratulation that the workers' average age is 23, director Greg Arnold (who holds a degree in anthropology) being just 21. Opening date is tentatively March 31, 1979. "It's the first day of spring and it'll be my son's first birthday. We've got to open then," says Arnold, justifiably proud. "And we'll celebrate for a week." Mark Badger

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Behavior

Dancing to the strain of a bilingual waltz



In Montreal, a woman walks into a department store. "Bonjour," she salutes say, smiling. In French, the woman says the word like to beg a lady of assets. "Yes, of course, madame," the clerk says in English. "What size?" After a slight hesitation, the woman replies, in English, and the sale is completed.

"But I usually, I am coming," says journalist Boris Day. "Dummk, I want to say, 'dummk lady, why do you always say in English?'"

In Ottawa, Official Languages Commissioner Max Talden was appearing before the joint Senate-Commons committee on the constitution last September when Senator Eugene Forsey posed a question—"In French, Talden is a former diplomat who makes a point of replying in the language in which he is addressed, but he hesitated both men are anglophones. He said later, 'I considered replying in English—but I thought it might be discourteous.' So he answered in French."

Sen. Day's silent fury and Max Talden's moment of uncertainty are

symptoms of a unique social dissonance, a peculiar failure in social habit in Ottawa and Montreal. Although the two official language groups come together in the two cities with a force and in numbers unequal anywhere else in Canada, there is no etiquette of bilingualism. Despite 200 years of coexistence, no unwritten rules or set of socially accepted manners have evolved to determine which language bilingual people should speak when.

Not so long ago, the answer was simple—English. As Talden puts it, "Until very recently, bilingualism went one way."

But despite the failure of the federal bilingualism policy (Maclean's, Oct. 16, 1978) and the complaints of the Quebec English community about Bill 101, more anglophones are, of necessity, learning and using their French in Montreal and in Ottawa. Instead of solving a problem, though, it just creates other, subtler ones with an equally high risk of embarrassment, awkwardness and constitutional insult.

To avoid all this, there is a growing

for a new etiquette of bilingualism that's creating a sort of small conversation and often tense, slow stage. Getting into a cab, some Montrealers will first check what newspaper is in the front seat or which language is on the car radio before telling the driver their destination. Waiters and waitresses may approach the table, smile, and wait—for the customer to choose the language as well as the dish.

In officially bilingual—but predominantly English—Ottawa, one bureaucrat, keeping a straight face, explains: "The civil servant of senior rank chooses the language."

In Montreal, however, French is clearly becoming the public language. In a recently published study, linguist Shoshana Dugas of McGill University reports people were observed coming in information booths in downtown Montreal. While the majority used their mother tongue to ask for information, almost three times as many anglophones used French as francophones used English.

Sociologist Bruce Heller of Montreal recently completed a thesis for the University of California in Berkeley, in which she observed what she calls "anglophobia" over language use in the outpatient's clinic at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital.

Heller analyzes the conversation between patient and clerk that waiters awkwardly from French to English and back.

"The patient's switch may mean 'She speaks English really, and I want to make sure she understands me, so I'd better speak English. It may also mean 'We can't have this conversation until I find out whether you are French or English.' The clerk may then feel 'Doesn't she think my French is good enough?' If the clerk had persisted in speaking French, which also happens, the motivation would probably have been 'Nice of her to try to make it easier for me, but this will be easier and clearer if we do it in French.' (The clerk may feel it was generous me, or she may feel it was wise.)"

The justification for misunderstanding, again, Heller describes one encounter:

Clerk: "May I help you?"

Patient: silence

Clerk: "Est-ce que je peux vous aider?"

Patient: looks confused

Clerk: "Anglais ou Français?"

Patient: "WHAT?"

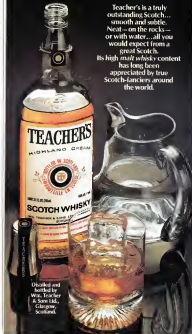
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Ideas

The whole world in his plans

At first the idea seems merely a bit odd (world? thinking? Canada? will someone at the United Nations to prepare a series of referenda on disarmament, to be held voluntarily, one story by country, right around the world, once people everywhere have clearly expressed



Stark and his global referendum proposal from the bonds vote is no peace-lover's dream

their preference for a world without nuclear weapons, then governments everywhere will have to dismantle them. A peace-lover's dream—but then you examine the mechanics of the idea, and you meet Jim Stark, the man who's proposing it.

Stark is a 38-year-old Toronto teacher with the precise manner of an accountant, who works full-time in the interests of what he calls "Operation Disarmament" in the year and a half since the idea came to him. Stark and his supporters—four full-time and a dozen part-time—have made some significant scores. They have, in fact, already managed to arouse the enthusiastic interest of a senior official at the UN's Centre for Disarmament. They've also enlisted the support of the people who run the Gallup poll, the idea of a UN disarmament referendum was put to Canadians across the country (not surprisingly,

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they approved overwhelmingly), and Dr. George Gallup now plans to use his international affiliates to poll people in more than 50 countries on their views on the idea. The proposal has also received official endorsement from a number of Canadian municipal councils, including those of Toronto and Vancouver.

Specifically, Star's idea is for a United Nations resolution calling for an international conference to work out the wording of the global referendum. Naturally, it could take almost any form but he hopes it will cover the same points as the ballot that he and his sup-



porters have been using in a number of samplings of Canadian opinion (an average of 66 per cent favor the disarmament vote). The ballot has Yes and No options and it says "I am requesting the United Nations to impose total and permanent nuclear disarmament upon all the nations of earth, to offer an effective peacekeeping force automatically to any nation that needs it, and to set up whatever principles and procedures it takes to establish and maintain a world without war."

Once the wording of the world ballot is settled (obviously a delicate procedure), countries are to hold their referenda individually and voluntarily. Rask says public opinion would carry a demand for the vote from country to country and he predicts such an overwhelming affirmative that no government could ignore the results. "The main opposition is our idea," he says. "Does concern whether it is realistic—but we won't know unless we try. The Has-the-Bush marches didn't work

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We need a new approach. No, he says, "we're not leftists. The leftists consider us extremists. They're into struggle and overthrowing governments."

Stark, who was born in Ottawa, has a bachelor of arts in psychology and has trained toward several careers, including law and the priesthood. He was studying law at the University of Ottawa when he got a job that changed his life: doctors found he had a tumor and suspected, for a time, that it was malignant. It turned out to be benign but Stark headed in a new direction. "It makes you think how short life is," he says, "and whether you're going to do anything with it." He took six months off, painted pictures, lived in a co-op house in Ottawa. He wound up at age 27 teaching criminology, among other courses, at Humber College in Toronto.

After that, he lived in several homes, did odd jobs, tended bar, drove a cab—and started thinking about the international arms race. "The whole world was wired for self-destruction and I thought, 'Gee, I wish I was left to be the people.' At first, I thought I'd give the tie to one of the peace organizations but it came down to either I'd do it myself or it wouldn't get done." So Stark launched his drive. Working out of a new, middle-class house in midtown Toronto he and his group have been actively campaigning for a year and a half. The effort is financed from Stark's speaking engagement fees and private contributions. Operation Demamite has become associated with the Canadian wing of the World Federalists (whose members include 96 MPs and senators), and last summer, Dr. Norman Z. Alesch, head of the Canadian Peace Research Institute, became an associate director of Operation Demamite.

It was Alesch who mentioned the Canadian Gallup poll on disarmament to the officials at the US Centre for Disarmament. The letter showed interest, so Alesch asked him what he thought about the possibility of an international Gallup poll. The response was enthusiastic, says Alesch, so he got to work with Dr. George Gallup, who wanted the same way. Gallup now plans to discuss the idea with Kurt Waldheim, the US secretary-general.

In Toronto, Jon Stark is writing letters to MPs and to people in the Prime Minister's office and in the department of external affairs, pushing the idea of Canadian sponsorship of the US disarmament resolution.

"I believe it would pass the US," he says. "The Third World countries certainly would support it. If we can just get a start. If we can just get a question mark between the middle and the bottom—then we have enough to freeze the arms race." Dick Brown

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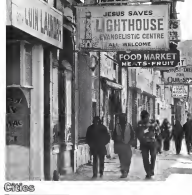


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Cities

Wasteland . . . Canada: our own urban ghetto

The chill wind of fall knives down the wide sidewalk, whipping dust and torn newspapers into tight little eddies. A board-up store sits out at the street. Close by, a pawnshop's shoddy merchandise peeks out from a window. A neighboring sign states, as if in answer to the surrounding desolation, that Jesus Saves. Outside the National Hotel, a group of men builds together, leaning in close as if supporting one another. They have the slow movements of men with time on their hands. One of their number sits on the sidewalk, the hotel wall as a backdrop. A familiar scene. It could be the main street in the dying downtown of any northern American industrial city. This is Main Street, Winnipeg, the fifth largest city in Canada. From the corner of Portage and Main, down past the ornate city hall and Centennial cultural complex, to an indeterminate fade-out in the city's north end, lies a swelling ghetto of poverty, alcoholism, and crime—no island of danger for these seeds of native Canadians.

This bleak picture of Winnipeg's downtown core, which triggered ones of outrage from more affluent Winnipeg-

gers, was graphically illustrated in a recent report prepared for the city by the Peter Bernard Associates consultant firm in conjunction with federal, provincial and city planners. The study, which details a downtown area it says is experiencing a decline unprecedented in Canada, notes that neighborhoods are fleeing the area in the suburbs in increasing numbers, while the native population, growing at the rate of 1,000 a year, rose 608 per cent from 1961 to 1991. Blaming the city for lack of a proper housing policy, the report notes that the core is spreading and could turn into a crime-ridden wasteland if nothing is done. The report estimates the city's native population is as high as 50,000 out of a total population of close to 600,000—no one knows what percentage actually lives in the inner city—and forecasts this figure could double by 1996. Native organizations angrily reacted that their people were being stereotyped as poverty-stricken drunks and city officials pushed the report as an exaggeration. But to these intimately concerned with the Main Street ghetto, the situation couldn't be worse.

Native walking in downtown Winnipeg. One there's a quiet, too, on Main Street, Canada.

John Rodgers, the rugged 47-year-old executive director of the Main Street Project, a detoxification centre and crisis intervention unit, has seen his case load grow from a "none" 6,000 drunk incidents—60 per cent non-native—in 1975, to 24,000—50 per cent native—last year. Thirty-three per cent of the latter figure were women, many of them single parents. Rodgers and his staff of 30, who intervene in street brawls, attempted rapes, and family disputes, see the degrading results of the cycle of poverty, drinking, and crime which overtakes many Indians who drift to the city from the hopelessness of rural reserves, and can't get jobs because of discrimination and lack of skills.

The door to the offices of his predominantly funded project have been kicked in countless times. Inside, on any night, 50 or 70 drunks are asleep. Quite a few are there in daytime, too. "We get a lot of trouble from a few," says Rodgers, shaking his grey-flecked head. "I have the choice of calling the cops and having them locked up, taking them down a side street and kicking their heads in, or looking them out. We kick some out. At night we lock the door," adds Rodgers, who refuses to help known criminals. "At least we know that way those inside are safe and won't get into trouble."

Murder has been committed for as little as \$3. Rodgers says the assault victims are often older non-Indian men who visit the beer parlors to pick up Indian women. They're led to an alley or apartment where they get mugged.

"Sexploit" is another problem, he adds, staring at his bookshelves, which sport the Bible, books on alcoholism treatment, a gun, and cans of food used by victims. "The nearest to the well-off white guy who crosses the strip is on his ear, looking for an Indian boy or girl who'll perform a sexual act, maybe for just a dollar."

The police work closely with Rodgers and his staff. When he can't resolve his problems in-house, they're sending them to him. They are rarely the target for assault and report that most native attacks are against their own people. They tackle the job with a resigned cynicism. And one cooperative senior officer. "The only solution in the problem I see is that it is to drop a bomb on the whole area."

The Winnipeg situation, although the most visible of any Canadian city, is far from unique. Other cities are also battling to tackle influx of Indians from reserves and they scarcely fare better.

In Regina, where the per-capita crime rate is the highest in the nation, native people are blamed for a disproportionate

share. Charges of racism have been prominent recently. City Alderman Nick Senneker, talking of encouraging the education of Indians, was reported as saying "If you can't read or write, there are only two things left for enjoyment: sex and drink." And police groups, carefully documenting eight alleged incidents of police brutality against their people, unsuccessfully requested a provincial police inquiry.

In Vancouver, where the B.C. government has suggested moving Indians out from the dead-end area back to the reserves, natives are not only prey in the alcohol-crime syndrome but are caught up in that city's serious drug problem. Friction and even outright violence between natives and non-Indians are on the increase, according to one social worker, who sees a "potential for the whole situation to explode."

The official Winnipeg attitude to its inner-city plight was put by environment commissioner Dave Henderson, who reported this month that a "massive input of public and private initiatives has successfully reversed the physical deterioration." But critics maintain this "input" has been in the shape of large commercial complexes, which do not benefit the Indians. All three levels of government get criticism for their approach to the problem. The federal government, which is responsible for treaty Indians on reserves, has been trying to hand over part of the job to provincial authorities, who take over when the natives reach the city. The city, with provincial funding, is responsible for urban Indians.

Urban life, Winnipeg: a lonely life.



Lloyd Aswerby, director of the University of Winnipeg's Institute of Urban Studies, says the federal government should launch a massive program to improve housing and initiate economic activity as reserves to stem the flow of young, restless natives to the city. As for the urban core, Aswerby's answer is the creation of a development corporation to bring public and private money to establish businesses which would train and employ area residents.

For well over a year, the city and province have been discussing creation of a \$10-million fund to buy and upgrade

single-family dwellings downtown, most of them owned by non-native landlords. But not one house has yet been acquired. Significantly, not a single member of the city's all-powerful Executive Policy Committee represents the downtown area. Politically, the power is in the suburbs and about the only time most suburbanites visit the Main Street area is when they go to the Centennial cultural complex. "Right now there's no real threat to white society because these people are too busy killing themselves," says John Rodgers.

Peter Carlyle/Gardie



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Books

Men and the art of spiritual maintenance

THE MUSH ON PASSION
by Thomas York
Fiction/Novel, \$4.95

The most original books often defy category. In *Men and the Art of Spiritual Maintenance*, for instance, philosophy, astrophysics, travelogue, quasi-narrative, or what? *The Mush On Passion* is a true original: an angry and coherent love story which is also a polemic about God, America and the tainted Canadian North. In short, it's a metaphorical novel set in the contemporary Arctic.

Thomas York purports to be merely the editor, the book recognizes the lower and labors of the ill-mad Thomas Byrd, by himself. In fact, York and the fictional Byrd share much of their history, both being religiously inclined Americans who fled to Canada from the U.S. military—though what an ironic the godly puritans of York, a United Church minister in Toronto, would think of the passionate exploits of Byrd, one doubts to think.

Byrd and a motley assortment of neo-dionysians and Eakinses are united in their hunt for *giver*—the inner world of the male or which currently sells for \$90 a pound. But the real quest is far metaphysical: *Mush On*, an untamed wilderness of spirit in danger of vanishing from a more and more "progressive" North. Though intensely in the barren province just in gathering great, Byrd subjugates those who want to exp-



York (above) dreams in a thing called wood

ture mask over, to reach them and make them "commercially viable." "We who were fugitives from the Postage," he writes, "let us back in the Arctic." These in authority there are not such fugitives.

The Mush On Passion parades a jumpy mishmash of styles, as York's obsessions echo through satire, bad poetry, preaching and just plain stalling. You feel the Arctic at hand—the fly-filled silence, the seven-day storms, the land so vast as sky. But the book has no repose. Sometimes York is too erudite for the good of his own *Passion*, which is more cluttered than a Yellowstone high-rise. This jarring, fancy, somewhat work has few counterparts in today's fiction. York's true ascendency are the metaphorical powers who rallied against the world, who couldn't stop it changing, and whose lives had a violence and mystery which now we find bizarre. Mark Abley

For whom the bank rolls

PAMAMA
by Thomas McGuane
Middleton/Henryson \$10.95
Q. Briefly describe Thomas McGuane's background.

A: This is his fourth novel. A lot of people are calling him the new, improved Hemingway. Oh, and he works in movies, too, which are a lot more profitable. He wrote *Shadows*, *Johnny*, and *The Museum Men* (with Brandon and Nicholson), plus he directed *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, from his own novel.

Q. What was the author trying to do? A: Two things. I think it being off a cool, hard, light performance—a sleek literary tale and to produce lots of bankable dialogue, hip and out of the wild blue yonder, to ward up essentially the big-screen mouths of Jack Nicholson and Billy Keelerman, plus second banana, if the deals are closed.

Q. Did he succeed? A: In a, I certainly don't think so, in b), probably yes.

Q. What would the parts, respectively, be of Nicholson and Keelerman?

A: Chester Hammett Pomeroy, a retired, semi-motivated punk rocker who has got stuck in a spider and a heart of megal. (Though this isn't part of the question, I'd like to point out a certain similarity in character and situation to the protagonist of *Great Jones Street*, by Dan DeLillo, an author whose books aren't read in Hollywood.) Keelerman would play Catherine, his co-wife

McGuane: blunts for big-screen movie

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CBC TELEVISION

though there's some confusion about, when he again subtly courts.

Q: What is the significance of the title? Please stick to the subject.

A: A good title: see magazine, comic week. (Laughs) That's what. Chastor and Catherine first fell in love and (snuggles) married each other. No last-in shooting, however, since they never so there.

Q: Describe the atmosphere of the novel. A: Do I have to? Yes? Too clever, too serious, too derivative. Not good enough? Chock-full of People magazine details: bimboism, cocaine, Elvis water and Orco cookies. Cf. Richard Revolution.

Q: Among the commercial charms of the created music.

A: Aha, if they can get Nicholas. Kellerman or Tuesday Weld or even Ann-Margret for the girl. Unless, of course, they get the \$4 Vacation movie on the screen. first. Because, y'know, punk's gotta be better.

Bill MacVicar

She stooped to conquer

KIT COLEMAN: QUEEN OF HEARTS
by Ted Perguson
(Thursday 8:30 PM)

Where else but in Canada could Ted Perguson have "discovered" Kit Coleman? The great moment came in 1976, while the journalist ploughed through the University of Alberta's microfiche section in search of material for a TV documentary. There, buried in the world's smallest print, were the weekly columns which Kit, Canada's greatest woman journalist, had written for the Toronto Mail in 1969 and had syndicated across Canada until her death in 1975. So evocative they were that Perguson was captivated at once. The result is Kit Coleman, Queen of Hearts, containing a sprinkling of the best of her columns and some tantalizing biographical notes. Kit's story may not make Perguson's fortune, but there's a gold mine in it for somebody; it's a natural for a TV series with international appeal.

Kit Coleman makes the Duchess of Duke Street look like a little league outfielder. She covered the Spanish-American War as the world's first accredited woman war correspondent, was the first syndicated newspaper columnist in Canada, co-founded and was first president of the Canadian Women's Press Club and was Canada's first advice-to-the-ladies columnist. ("Your nose is by no means unusual," she wrote to "Anxious.") "Women, especially if they are the hysterical type, frequently fall in love with their doctor. It is one of the attributes of medical life."



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into the Irish emigrant's story in 1884, she was widowed at 59 and emigrated to Canada because she was "too impatient" to wait for the next boat to Australia or South Africa. By the age of 40 Kit had lived 50 dressed like a tramp and on her third husband, having eschewed four other proposals. When over her column failed to appear, distraught readers plied her with gifts, medicines and packets of choice for Patsy Driscoll, her pet white cat, "in case Kit was too sick to shop." Kit's inseparable personality and string of adventures are entertainingly presented by Ferguson in this book, but the desecrated more. If the dramatic potential in Kit's story is ignored, there will be a national disgrace. **Pat Barclay**

Through history's glass, darkly

A PATTERN FOR HISTORY
By Arthur R. M. Lower
(McClelland & Stewart, \$16.95)

Two men have been trying for ages to find the meaning of history, just as they have the meaning of life (life is a footnote, not a story). Karl Marx rewrites history with his own happy ending. Oswald Spengler concluded that cultures rise and fall, and Arnold Toynbee found that the key to history is all a matter of "challenge and response." Now we have the thoughts of Arthur R. M. Lower, one of Canada's great formative historians, and this book may well be the summing-up of a long and distinguished career.

Lower, now 80, has written a number of volumes, two of which earned him the Governor-General's Award, but in this one he will rattle the feathers of a few contemporary historians with his panoramic view of Western history and his perspective, albeit dark ones, for the future of mankind. He plots the course of Western history from the time of Judaism to the present, but not in the traditional classroom method as a chronicle of dates and events. Rather, he seeks to create a pattern, one of history's apices and fides, discerning coinciding that we are in a time of revolution, an age of realism, an age without illusions, perhaps without dreams or risks. He reasons that when men are sufficiently individualized, their society, becoming freer and freer, begins to slip into anarchy. He says that we have arrived at this point in history, that our time is a prelude to chaos.

Lower's scholarly legacy is a charming one. Yet his summing-up is worth reading, even though it is written in standard textbook style, riddled with footnotes and the leftover language of an academic career. **Warren Gornall**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Chaparral, Wheeler* (2)
2. *War and Remembrance, Young* (1)
3. *People Die, Fenn* (3)
4. *33-36, Gifford* (3)
5. *Pressure to Terror, MacInnes* (3)
6. *The Far Pavlova, Kipling* (4)
7. *Jurassic, Van Horne* (3)
8. *Order Charlie Ferguson's Testaments, MacInnes* (2)
9. *The Silents, Tait* (3)
10. *Guilty, Haggan* (3)

NONFICTION

1. *Gravelle Dynasty, Newman* (1)

2. *When Love is Friends, Stein* (1)
3. *The Wolf, Rappaport* (3)
4. *Life in a Bowl of Charms—What am I Living in the World, Rappaport* (3)
5. *The Complete Book of Raising, Rappaport* (3)
6. *The Country Club of an Edwardian Lady, Addison* (2)
7. *The British Virgin, Bennett* (3)
8. *Robert Kennedy and the Times, Sullivan* (3)
9. *Death of a Lady's Man, Cohen* (3)
10. *The Day of Rappaport, Rappaport* (3)

1. *Pressure to Terror*
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Films

Oh so slow romancing; dull ditty



SLOW DANCING IN THE BIG CITY
Directed by John G. Avildsen

Slow Dancing in the Big City, Avildsen's second feature, is a successful post-*Grease* story. *Rocky*, this time out of the feisty fighter in Sarah Gans (Anne Deitch), see-saws for the Manhattan Dance Company. With a shimmering of chance and talent to turn Erick Segal on green, it turns out that Sarah was never physiologically fit for dancing in the first place and, nearing the big debut performance at Lincoln Center, is bleeding inside the thighs.

This movie is bleeding inside the thighs. If her condition weren't enough, she moves next door to a crushing salesman, Leo Friedlander (Paul Sorvino), and is caught in an old-fashioned trap. By the time these two are through this song-and-dance with each other, there are so many feelings flying around you just about have to duck. Romance, however, plays second fiddle to Avildsen's great ambition: to provide a gift for "the little people." *Slow Dancing* is, God help us, a *Rocky* Caper movie without the laughs. *Slow Dancing* Thanks Goes to Town.

The Jimmy Breslin-ish ex-husband in such a do-gooder Edith Caroll might have raised an eyebrow. So many of the little folk even her old "You're not garbage, you're a person," he assures an old man left homeless after a fire, he gets beaten up for helping a show kid on a couch, he drops his old girl-friend, a good-hearted waitress, with the magnanimity of a pope. The small wonder is how Anne Deitch is in her first role, given Bana Gans's steady script and Avildsen's pleasant direction (he took it upon himself to edit the movie, too), messages to accept herself with some class. Though some of her lines are slightly stale and stiffed, she does come out a character. She has a solid quality in her deep, intimate voice, hushed and anxious. And her face—all cartilage in soft lighting—is cuteness-made-for-the-movies, by keeping it clean, she keeps charming its beauty, and it's exciting to watch.

The final dance sequence, which Deitch helped choreograph, is dan-

Survive, Deitchers: 'Rocky' in drag

Brief Encounters

A Wedding A pearl machine of personal life and nothing less than a full-on Shakespearean vision of modern times. Tenacious and touching. Robert Altman's final hour.

Midnight Express The true story of Billy Hayes, incarcerated in a Turkish prison for

smuggling hashish, is turned into an explosive story on contraband. Fred Zinn is extraordinarily self-effacing at the hope Iranian.

Murder A modern vampire story, directed by low-budget horror master George A. Romero. Not a new movie but an energetic and witty one. The setting is a small town that's a Transylvania of today. Romero makes the hamlet have given it a best

thing, but staying around for it is like having to chew every piece of bubble gum in a dispenser before you get to the taste.

Life, according to Avildsen, is like dance—a fabulous metaphor. Love tells Sarah she's a mystery (here in the morning, expecting all she's got by day, dying at night) and she shows him her hard, Devilish, which she wishes to set free. Herewith a trust on an escapee. They have a "slow dance" on the rooftop and, to fall in love, one must "slow dance." No energy, no excitement, no elegance. Sarah has to be taken down to

Love's land—de-classed, no fear of him coming to her.

Avildsen's mutants reverse pretensions, the "little people" and their class poses are worth a thousandfold those with any illusions that has it ever occurred to Avildsen that the little people—the *Rocky*—who make it, eventually become like those very people? *Slow Dancing*, made by a mind to which irony is alive, presents the comfortable but the little people metamorphose without undergoing any change. It's such a "little" vision.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Editor's

Big blue whales and puppy dogs' tails, that's what good kiddy mags are made of

(By Mordca Richter)

The Blue Whale has a heart as big as a Volkswagen.

There are more stars in the sky than there are grains of sand in all the beaches in the world.

The white pelican is probably the laziest bird in Canada, no wing span no impressive that if you staked down in a row it would take almost 3300 worth to cover its width.

Millions of tons of space dust fall to earth every year. If you were to drop a magnet across the ground, 50 per cent of the particles that would cling to it would be from outer space.

For these amazing facts, so appealingly rendered, I am indebted to Owl, a Canadian magazine for children.

It has long been a cherished belief of mine that when something culturally different appears here, say the paintings of Alex Colville, Alvin Karpis's short stories or the House of Commons' debates on cable TV (usually a case of form without content), there will be no need to trump the native-born drama, for it will make its own way as merit. Such, happily, would now seem to be the case with Owl, a delightful monthly magazine for children, sprung out of Toronto.

Owl is directed at kids between the ages of eight and 12, as well as Joe Clark, who is reliably reported to read it by flashlight under his blankets after Mr. McFarr has cussed him in for the night. True at last to our Ottawa so far broadcast. The magazine is not only getting increasing acceptance here, but recently sold translation rights for an Italian edition, *L'Ovino*, to be published in Milan, which may soon be followed by other European editions. Meanwhile, week by week the success of Owl at home that the present circulation is more than 80,000. The publishers now

have charming books based on regular features in the magazine and next January they will launch a new picture magazine, *Chickadee*, for younger children between the ages of four and eight. *Chickadee* will be crisscrossed with puzzles, games, clippings to make and stories. Each issue will also include a surprise, possibly a riddle, maybe a jigsaw puzzle or a record.

All this, mind you, is not the shrewd

and gift to serve even as they educate.

Owl is the magazine of Mary Anne Brackman, a mother of three, married to an antiquarian bookseller, and Anabel Slaght, a former primary-school teacher from Vancouver who has also taught in England. They launched the magazine in 1970, having acquired 1,000 subscribers of The Young Naturalist when it went out of business, and now, such is the immediate response of their readers, they answer some 50,000 letters a year, among them an anonymous note that ran, "I'm sorry I couldn't get you a birthday present but I have enclosed a fake \$20 for you to buy whatever you want in an imaginary store." As one of my own children subscribes to Owl, I was also told that each letter to the magazine is not only promptly answered but the answer is handwritten and personal.



Owl is sold by a nonprofit group, The Young Naturalist Foundation, and the money it earns is plowed right back into improving the 28-page monthly. It's a lovely magazine, strikingly put together. Regular features include a two-page newspaper, *NOOT*, a hand-drawn picture, nature features or the Atlantic polar bear or wild horses or silver bears, games, puzzles and information pieces on how to build birdhouses or grow birds in water. My favorite feature, however, is the absolutely lousy Dr. Zed, written by Gordon Pre-

rose and designed and illustrated by Linda Schacht Ross. Whether they are offering instruction on how to make Groovy Biscuits, construct Whirling Whirly Birds or Make Hissable Wholes, they are constantly appealing.

For plainly, Owl's swifly good staff is committed in not only to great own children, but as a gift for kids ahead. And it costs only 35 cents a copy.

and gift to serve even as they educate.

Owl is the magazine of Mary Anne Brackman, a mother of three, married to an antiquarian bookseller, and Anabel Slaght, a former primary-school teacher from Vancouver who has also taught in England. They launched the magazine in 1970, having acquired 1,000 subscribers of The Young Naturalist when it went out of business, and now, such is the immediate response of their readers, they answer some 50,000 letters a year, among them an anonymous note that ran, "I'm sorry I couldn't get you a birthday present but I have enclosed a fake \$20 for you to buy whatever you want in an imaginary store." As one of my own children subscribes to Owl, I was also told that each letter to the magazine is not only promptly answered but the answer is handwritten and personal.

Owl is sold by a nonprofit group, The Young Naturalist Foundation, and the money it earns is plowed right back into improving the 28-page monthly. It's a lovely magazine, strikingly put together. Regular features include a two-page newspaper, *NOOT*, a hand-drawn picture, nature features or the Atlantic polar bear or wild horses or silver bears, games, puzzles and information pieces on how to build birdhouses or grow birds in water. My favorite feature, however, is the absolutely lousy Dr. Zed, written by Gordon Pre-

rose and designed and illustrated by Linda Schacht Ross. Whether they are offering instruction on how to make Groovy Biscuits, construct Whirling Whirly Birds or Make Hissable Wholes, they are constantly appealing.

For plainly, Owl's swifly good staff is committed in not only to great own children, but as a gift for kids ahead. And it costs only 35 cents a copy.

The quiet revolution of Jean Paul Lemieux



Homage to M. Tasseau's full-frontal stare

Even the most routine event can sometimes turn into a significant occasion. As though motivated by some mixture of this tendency, a crowd gathered outside Toronto's leading art book emporium one Sunday afternoon in October with cameras drawn, anxious for a glimpse of Quebec's painter extraordinaire, Jean Paul Lemieux. For most it was the first—and perhaps only—chance to offer thanks to the man who has given the Canadian landscape as distinctive a face as his onetime contemporaries, the Group of Seven. Sky of publicity, self-deprecating and resolutely his own man, Lemieux rarely ventures from his back presence. He made his set foot in Toronto since 1988 when he finally undertook the pilgrimage to

meet one of his idols, A.Y. Jackson. Now, almost 46 years later, he was in town to lend dignified support to Montreal art historian Guy Robert whose book, *Lemieux*, had just been released in an English translation.

Click went the assembled shutter by way of applause as Lemieux finally came into view, a trim, white-haired man with former approval beaming over the thick black rim of his glasses. His quiet suit and tie are the outward signs of his refusal to fall for the trap of hubris. Only the Order of Canada pin twinkling on his lapel pointed to great accomplishments.

Lemieux's career has been a sleeper,

critics have compared his gradual development outside the mainstream to Quebec's quiet revolution. Until 1956, when he turned 33, he was known chiefly as a teacher, writer, and publisher of a small and editorial publisher of Quebec country life. While Alfred Pellan and Paul-Émile Borduas were stirring against the conservative art academy in Montreal during the '40s under the banner of abstract expressionism, Lemieux searched to the sound of a different drummer. He supported Pellan but manifestos weren't his style. "I don't think politics and art go together at all," he still states, emphatically.

But Lemieux's timidity hasn't prevented his career from typifying the progress of Canadian art between the wars. It was a time for opening windows so that something fresh could grow. "In the '30s," Lemieux recalls, "students were not for boys but only for girls, alone with embroidery, ballet, piano. Painting was suspicious looking. Then the art schools were founded. They changed the mentality." The struggle was especially difficult in Quebec, where the church was so strong. "It took a long time," he says. "The art school was considered sacred, even though it was nothing—so boring. We could only paint strange things no matter were allowed. Then the director had a good idea. He invited the cardinal to visit. The cardinal blessed the art school and that was the end of that."

After attending Montreal's Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Lemieux travelled to Europe where he fell under the spell of the Impressionists and Postimpressionists. Other influences followed—the American Ashcan School of the '30s, Edwin Hodge, with whom he studied, the Group of Seven. But it wasn't until the '50s that Lemieux came into his own, when he began to simplify his work. He took as subjects those anxiety-provoking stains that stain at the heart of modernity: violence, confusion, solitude, the inability to encompass the whole. And he adopted a new way of seeing based on that quintessential feature of the Canadian landscape, the horizon. On this act of experience he planted his perspective, like an explorer, making claims to uncharted land. "After 1956," he once said, "and a year in Paris, I no longer saw things the same way. A totally different vision had developed, a horizontal vision above all."

The horizon in Lemieux is not just a line. It is the dispassionate continuum onto which he projects his deepest concern: the passage of time. He has said: "What haunts me most is the dimension of time. Time and space. Time slipping by and man condemned to that." Much of Lemieux's work is autobiographical; in painting, he reconciles the past and pines it back together on canvas. In

contrast to the Group of Seven, who valued nature over humankind, Lemieux populates his landscapes with haunting figures—often children or adolescents set adrift on the immensities of horizons—portraits of the artist as a young man.

Critics have accepted to interpret Lemieux's disturbing vision as an expression of Quebec's isolation from the rest of Canada and the willing passivity of its population, but Lemieux will have none of the victim theory. When questioned about the political implications of his painting he responds heatedly. "I ask questions rather than make statements. We don't know where we are, where we are going and where we came from. We don't know anything." For a moment, the twinkle in his eyes goes out.



Lemieux drifts in a restless sea of hope

and he releases into a silence as engaging as that inhabited by his figures.

Others attack Lemieux as the grasp of general pessimism as though it were a particularly offensive stigma, the bad breath. What Lemieux really is, however, is an artist whose painting, like Chiklav's plays, explores the plight of people divided from their parents, circumstances, cities, and especially themselves. His great achievement is in acknowledging the politics of unconscious life. Furthermore, this paradox lies close to the core of his identity. "The pleasure in painting is the thing," he confesses. "After a painting is done, I ask it is a story, but I bring them to a reminder of where I am and what I did."

Given his severity (he turned 53 last week), there is something very moving about Lemieux's unassuming presence. Recently speared on art festival canons, he still paints and draws in the isolation of his own studio, where he spends July to November surrounded by period furniture and an impressive collection of anglo. He is afflicted at the suggestion that he might resume painting. Martial ignorance aside, there is one thing that he knows absolutely. "Painters always paint until they drop."

Adrian Freedman

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AIR CANADA



Will the knightly Knowlton Knational make us more interesting than Swedes?

By Allan Fotheringham

There is the seed in the country, the germ, apparently, for a human aspheric. An unconscious standard last for a fish-and-blood transatlantic. If Canadians can be defined as dull Swedes, the well-being of the nation requires a rightly dose of verbal Norbital.

How do we know this? Because of the trauma, the turmoil, the nervous vibrations over the choice of the man/boots/computer who is advised—like a pope in other less-developed countries—is to end us each night our daily dread. The National, the CBC's late-evening mandate to lead the country together by talking as to sleep with millions a twopack.

There is this dreadful crisis of the CBC's internal journalists' union—filing an official grievance about the appointment of Knowlton Nash as the newest pretty face to arrange the deck chairs on the Titanic. Why would Nash, aside from the lousy \$82,000 salary he has lustily accepted, want a role that in the past has led only to the Redcross, obituary, meanderings, Numbness and Rhedness? Canadian viewers (Swedes without the chairman) want the proper of The National to be the end version of bed today.

Think back, these of you historians who record television's advancement by way of such landmarks as Page Emerson's cleavage. The CBC, in its long tradition of rejecting you with solemnity in the same sense as private schools disperson knowledges (with general in the same sense as the system), has left that change who has perfected the fiscal legerdemain of not minding their upper lips while talking as best suited to breaking the bad news of a rising bank rate to the passing masses.

Larry Green, who mastered his speaking from the bottom of a well-styled before developing Hollywood saddle nose, sponsored the breed. There was the unfeeling Earl Cameron who was allowed, twice a year, to smile. It was raised the stock market went down on these occasions, the market

players believing that if Earl found something funny, there was little future in Wall St. There was the outrageously handsome Stanley Burke, he of the bedroom eyes, who had the effrontery to demand of the Laddites within the CBC newscasts that he actually create several of the words he was to enunciate. For such outrageous demands in 20th-century thought, Mr. Burke now lives on a quiet haven on the Pacific and publishes a weekly paper in Nanaimo on Vancouver Island.

There was, in this continuous duty



chain of workers after national approval. Lloyd Robertson, who succeeded to the vulgar blunders of cry dollars and has since disappeared without a trace. Peter Kent, eventually, decided the odds against Rhedness terrorists were preferable to dealing with CBC bureaucrats.

Given all this, proof incarnate that the sheep Canadians view demands only a cross between the amiable Walter Cronkite and a Douglas Fairbanks with new teeth, CBC news chief Nash, who has cleverly hired himself for the new job, seems only too eager to be the latest man into the volcano. If Lloyd Thomson always seemed to be perching through the bottom of Usher's bed, Nash peers through glasses that appear to be the remains of Pepsi-Cola bottles. Really, can there be anything wrong with a country that pays its newscasters more than Pierre Trudeau as the president of the CBC (though luckily, not as much as *Advocate* Chickadee)?

The flaw, of course, is that a new day

is showing. The CBC did not have the will to choose its best choice, Valerie Ekin, who admits the spirit and the eyeballs on her fill-in roles. British television has been awakened by the BBC's newscaster, Angela Ripston, who has raised the aspirations of the country's sheep shepherds (as well as her chest and her slightly shaggy legs in a Christmas pantomime). The disfigure of the colony, Canada, could not shade such imagination.

Why not, for example, Les Collin, the expert on everything, but his own record, unblemished by success? How about Eugene Wieles, who undoubtedly would triple The National's ratings by bringing in all those who miss their life while they listen? There are dozens of possibilities, all of whom would come cheaper than Mr. Nash. Jake Turner, who seems bored by his current profession (earning out newscasters in his basement) and is even prettier than Jan Tennant?

Why not Terry Mitchell? He hasn't done anything else this year. Jack Horner, who is soon to be out of a political job, would give you the basic function audience. Juliette wide-screen? You want classic buffoon, raised to the 18th degree? Don't know would make a far better newscaster—his natural calling—then he would taking it as external affairs minister. My personal choice would be either Nancy White, who sings the news, or Craig Russell, who would bring an entirely new dimension to things.

If Robert Stanfield is not appointed governor general, he would be the perfect 10 p.m. dispenser of gloom. The Brits receive their major newscast at the 6 p.m. dinner hour. So do the Yanks. Only Canadians, once known from getting beer, sit bleary-eyed before the box at such a dreadful hour as 11 p.m., either fascinated at life's dramas or delaying the dive between the sheets. Is Knowlton Nash the \$82,000 aphrodisiac or the national solution to birth control? At that price, surely we can demand some production one way or another.



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